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Eight ways to lose him

• Here are eight types of women simply asking to be put on the shelf.

Maybe some of them will get their man as far as the altar, but it's a hundred to one against their keeping him.

Check up on yourselves and see if you have any of these faults.



Doormat

"YES, of course you're right . . . Yes, of course I quite agree with you . . . Yes, of course—if you say so!" And yes, of course you've guessed it—she's the yes-girl who got Tom flattered and flattered by a pretty pretence that she hadn't any mind of her own; and then let him find out that she really hadn't any mind of her own! It isn't that Tom wants to wipe his boots on her; but, after all, monotony is the scourge of monogamy, and one fine day Tom will trek after a flighty female to whom he can say, "Dammit, I like a girl with spirit," and "How beautiful you look when you are angry." The cad!

Wheedler

"OH, darling, Mary only wants the cheapest little frock, so she won't disgrace her Tommy." The first time Mary asked if little wifie-piffle could have a weeny bit of money to buy a pair of silk stockings, it melted his heart. Now he wonders if he is anything more to Mary than an ever-open bank book. A wheedler is silly because (a) she's wheedling what Tom oughtn't to give her or (b) wheedling what he'd have given her anyway and (c) that leaves her no guns in reserve! What's she to do when she needs to wheedle something?

In some ways the wheedler is worse than a nagger.

Ask any man who has lived under a barrage of baby-talk about a new hat, or frock, and you'll find he will swear loud and long at this unfair mode of attack. He pays and doesn't like it. Then he begins to dislike the wheedler heartily.

"ALL right, then, let's walk home. I always wanted to walk home anyway, it was you who said you wanted to go by bus, and I who said it would be nice to walk, when you said it would be better not to walk . . ." And so on. Nothing is quite so irritating as endless discussion of what doesn't need to be discussed anyway; and bickering (however gay, glad and girlish) is only one step removed from nagging.

Ladies who insist upon going on and on till they get the last word find that the word they get is, in fact—the last!



Bickerer

Doorslammer

SHE, of course, goes to the other extreme with her habitual, "I'm just not going to discuss it and that's all there is about it!" Slam. For what may be fine tactics for the freelance female is just plain boring with a fiancée or wife. No man is impressed by hotting, toting, flouncing and bouncing after the first time. He flinches; and then he grows himself a nice impervious little protective shell, and once that's happened a girl can pierce it neither by tears nor temper. Sooner or later problems have got to be solved, and slamming a door never solved any of them, and having to come back through a slammed door makes any girl look awfully silly—particularly if there's no one waiting on the other side!



Grudger

WE women should band together to boycott the Grudger, the miserable menace. For the girl who reminds everybody what she might have done for herself is sooner or later bound to make a man realise that two can play at her game! He begins to think what he's given up—and admittedly, in nine marriages out of ten, the liabilities are on the man's side! In what other contract does a woman get employment for life, all found, and no sacking for incompetency? Once we allow men to get around to counting the costs of marriage—none of us will get married any more!



Threatener

YES, he knows she'll never speak to him again if he spends so much as another evening with those disgusting friends of his. Yes, he knows she'll just smash his gardening tools if he tramps mud into her drawing-room once again! In the past, she got what she wanted by threats. One day he may call her bluff and when she says, "Another word and I'll go home to mother," he'll say another word (and it won't be a polite one) and offer to drive her there!



Pinpricker

SHE does it sweetly. She smiles absolutely adorably. Of course she doesn't mean to hurt him—why, she worships the dear silly man! But naturally, if he makes her miss a bus it reminds her of that other time he made her miss a bus and wait twenty minutes in the rain, and naturally, if he forgets the theatre tickets she isn't surprised when he's always forgetting something, isn't he? And naturally, one of these days there'll be ground glass in her tea!

Belittler

"YES, I suppose Agatha's frock is smart if you take into consideration that it's last year's dyed . . . and yes, Alice does seem to have made a hit with Lieutenant X—if you call a 'hit' throwing yourself at a man's head!" We all know the Belittler; most of us think she is pretty small jeer. No sensible woman ever tries to crab another woman's success. It's silly because it comes from a sense of inferiority, and because men want to think women wonderful, and if anybody stops them they're going to feel resentful without quite realising why. And any feeling of resentment between man and woman is dangerous; but the resentment for which one cannot find a reason is positively dynamite!



Let's talk of INTERESTING PEOPLE



—Spencer Shier.

LADY MACKENZIE

... Army doctor
AUSTRALIA'S first woman army doctor is Lady Mackenzie, appointed to the reserve of the A.A.M.C. with the rank of captain. For some time before her appointment she did administrative work at Army Headquarters, Melbourne. Graduate of Melbourne University, she has specialised in orthopaedics and anaesthetics.

She was assistant to her husband, the late Sir Colin Mackenzie, founder and first director of the Institute of Anatomy, Canberra.



DR. ANNA GLOVER

D.A.D.M.S. for A.T.S.

ONE of Britain's most famous women doctors, Dr. Anna Glover, is first to attain senior rank in the British Army. Her new appointment as Deputy Assistant Director of Medical Services for the Auxiliary Territorial Services carries the rank of major. She wears a major's badges on her uniform and receives a major's pay.



MR. F. L. WRIGHT

... Ace architect

GOLD Medal for Architecture, bestowed only once in three years by the Royal Institute of British Architects, has just been awarded to famous American architect Frank Lloyd Wright.

Mr. Wright started the world when he built the celebrated Imperial Hotel, Tokio, "floating" on mud to prevent damage from earthquakes.



PUT YOURSELF IN THIS PICTURE

Peach, Rachel, Brunette, Suntan and Natural

(Also ERASMIC CHEEK, Browning and Gels, in Jars)



Romance like this is not confined to fiction—it is the natural right of every girl. To be born beautiful is not so essential as to know the art of fascination and how to appear alluring with—most important of all—the irresistible appeal of a skin soft as rose petals. Fortunate is the girl who has Erasmic Face Powder to help her. Here is a powder delicate as chiffon that gives a smooth, pearl-like finish to the complexion—surrounding the wearer with a delicate, haunting fragrance that comes to seem a very part of one's charm.

ERASMIC FACE POWDER 1/4

E-270

The WAY BACK

**Beginning our new serial,
a brilliant wartime
romance with the black-
out as a background.**

THE Admiralty regrets to announce . . . Nicole heard the words as she stepped out of the lift. Burton had left the outer door of the flat open. In a second she was across the threshold, and turning off the wireless. She faced him, reproachfully, this tall, lean, dark man she loved.

"You promised!"
"I know, but I'd got to hear—I tell you I'd got to hear!"

"But what's the good of it? Didn't the doctors tell you—you must forget all that? Oh, Burton, Burton, my darling, won't you believe them? They want to make you fit again, fit enough to marry me! Marry me, Burton! Won't that be marvellous? And look at me! I've put on a new frock, just for you!"

His sunken eyes brightened.
"You're lovely! But what good am I to you—or to anybody?"

"You'll soon be as well as ever again, Burton. I'm off duty to-night. Take me out. We haven't done anything exciting, since . . ."

She was looking so slim and sweet and feminine. Her soft hair curled about her oval face. Her mouth was beautiful, made for kissing. But made, too, to be tender and compassionate. Suddenly he forgot, as she intended, that Admiralty announcement, and the grey, mine - strewn North Sea.

By PHYLLIS HAMBLETON

Illustrated by WYNNE W. DAVIES

"Yes, let's have a night out! Dinner and a show. And that new place, the Squinting Dog, afterwards! Your father won't mind if you come home with the milk, will he?"

"He'll probably be home with the milk himself," said Nicole dryly. She had no illusions about her only parent. "Brush your hair, like a good boy, Burton!"

He went away obediently. When she was alone, her shoulders suddenly sagged. I have to be provocative, when I want to be just ordinary, she thought. The doctors say he is better, but when will the cloud lift for him; when will he be like the man I fell in love with?

She remembered him as she had met him in the summer at Salcombe. He had been taking a busman's holiday, sailing his own yacht; a thin, wiry figure terribly alive, terribly eager. She couldn't have been the first girl who had fallen in love with him at sight. But he had fallen in love with her, too, just as rapidly. They had become engaged almost before they had realised what was happening.

Then the war, and the North Sea, and the torpedoing. And the days when there had been no news at all. And then the naval hospital, and Burton back from the dead, a wraith with haunted eyes, and a hand that would never be sound again. Finally, the invaliding out of the service, with commander rank, and this flat in Knightsbridge.

She had wanted to marry him straight away. No, no, he said. She mustn't tie herself to a crock. They told him he'd be all right again in time. It was those icy days on a piece of wreckage that had done him the most harm. Happily he

was not dependent on his pay. Nicole had a tiny income, too. A good thing. The sort of decorative jobs she had found hitherto hadn't been exactly lucrative.

Burton reappeared. Even in mufti he still had the cut of the Navy.

"Will I do?"
"Darling, we're an extremely handsome couple. They ought to pay us a retaining fee at the Squinting Dog!"

He laughed. Hand in hand they went out to the lift. Nicole's car stood outside. It was Burton who took the wheel. She sighed approvingly. One step forward, at any rate. The doctors had been right. It wouldn't be long before he'd take up work again. And then they would marry. Then they would belong; they would be the Burton Harwoods, not just Burton Harwood and Nicole Frome.

It was a moonlight night. London might be darkened, but it was beautiful. Trafalgar Square was a place of enchantment. The high roofs, outlined against a cloudy sky, had a stateliness that the day missed. Nelson was reassuringly silhouetted. The dimmed lemon lights of cars were less bright than the moon sailing in solitary splendor.

It was still possible to have an excellent dinner if you could pay for it, and you didn't mind rough - and - ready service.

The show they went to afterwards

was suitably frivolous and remote. And the Squinting Dog was full of amusing people. There were uniforms, of course, and lovely girls. There were the new tunes, and a table in the corner. And Burton laughing. "You were right, Nicole! We can paint the blackout red as well as the next chap! Where's the wine-waiter? We want champagne!"

"Darling, it costs the world nowadays!"

"Well, it's worth the world sometimes!"

Perhaps it is, she thought, if it makes him snap out of that black mood. She said no more; the champagne came. Here everybody was doing his best to forget the war. To-morrow, even to-night, for some of them, they'd be in it again. But for the moment they wanted to forget, to be happy!

Suddenly Nicole gave an exclamation.

"Why, there's Sandy Bryant!"

"Sandy Bryant?"

"Yes. I've told you about him. He's coming to speak to us."

A stocky, fair young man in the uniform of a second lieutenant was making his way towards them. He successfully negotiated a rumba-ing dowager in cyclamen before he approached their table.

"Lo, Nicole! I haven't seen you for ages!"

"Hallo, Sandy! This is Burton!"

"So I guessed." His eyes took in the other man. "Best wishes to both of you. I'm afraid you had a rough passage, Commander!"

"That's over," said Burton.

Please turn to page 36

"It's no use, Nicole," said Burton. "She's—"



PERSONAL COLUMN

THIS story starts with two advertisements which appeared on different dates in a provincial paper.

"The first of these read: 'Walter. Coming to Brighton Sunday. Where can we meet, H.P.' To which the following reply was inserted:

"H. P. Metropole Bar 12.30 Sunday. Walter."

As she sat down in the Metropole Bar on the Sunday in question, Pavel Wood saw that there were some twenty people in the place all sitting at tables, except three men, standing at the bar.

She saw a man at a table by himself on the other side of the room, watching the door just as she was doing. He had brown hair, a dark complexion, and appeared to be about thirty; a striped collar was held tightly to his throat by a speckled tie. Her attention was attracted to him because he was obviously waiting for somebody; he watched the door the whole time, looked at his watch twice, and once called up a waiter and questioned him.

At one o'clock, the brown-haired man rose. When he was standing, Pavel judged his height to be about six feet; he had a good figure. She allowed him a few moments' start, then went out to the entrance hall.

The brown-haired man was standing by the swing doors when she came into the hall. He looked at her quickly; Pavel returned the look; seen close, his face was attractive. A moment later she saw him leaving the hotel. She hurried to the big window and watched him get into a closed grey car with number-plate DCD 348.

She went to the telephone, made her report, and was told to go in to lunch and expect to be called back later. The call came in half an hour. Mrs. Wallace told her to come to Ebury Street for further instructions.

It was 4.30 when Pavel reached London. She found Mrs. Wallace sitting at her window working on a piece of embroidery. The old lady's lips were moving as she carefully counted a row of stitches.

"You have done very well, my dear," Mrs. Wallace said. "The man you saw getting into the grey car is 'H.P.'"

"He was certainly waiting for somebody. He looked as if he might be an Italian," Pavel said.

"No, he is an Austrian. Here, read that," Mrs. Wallace gave Pavel a piece of paper. She read on it:

"Car number DCD 348 was registered by Hengist Penda, of Little Walleys Farm, Ditchling, on 3/10/38. Penda is an Austrian author who came to England when Germany seized Austria. He has a Home Office permit to remain in this country. He is understood to have rented Little Walleys Farm as he wished for quiet surroundings to work. The farm is situated near the Sussex Downs, two miles from Ditchling. Penda has several acquaintances locally; nothing is known against him."

"Is he an author?" Pavel asked. "Yes, but that does not explain why he inserted the first advertisement in a provincial paper."

"The initial might be a coincidence," Pavel suggested.

"He came to the Metropole Bar at 12.30. I think there will be a case for you to work on, Pavel."

Pavel was thinking of Hengist Penda's dark eyes looking into hers. "He will remember having seen me in the Metropole," she said.

Mrs. Wallace looked keenly at the girl. "Did you make an impression on him, my dear?"

"He looked at me pretty hard and it wasn't because he was suspicious," Pavel said.

The old woman rubbed her hands together. "Splendid. Now we must talk over what you are going to do. How would you like a week in the country?"

The Beacon Hotel was a large converted country house with a swimming pool, tennis court, croquet lawn, and flower and vegetable gardens; a small group of elderly people lived there for several months in the year; there was a clientele of young folk who came at week-ends

Secret Service drama in which a daring and lovely young British agent matches her wits against the cunning of two ruthless men

By ARTHUR MILLS

and garlanded the swimming pool, tennis courts, and later the bar.

"Yes, you can have a room on that side," Pavel was told when she arrived at the Beacon.

The manageress took her to the second floor and opened the door of a single room that looked out upon a small farmhouse, separated by two meadows from the hotel.

"That is Little Walleys Farm," the manageress said; "it is let to an author; he is an Austrian, I believe, but he talks English as well as you or I; comes in here most evenings."

Later in the evening the manageress introduced Pavel to Penda, when he came over for his evening drink. The manageress said: "This is Miss Wood who has come down here to get a rest."

Pavel looked across and met those dark brown eyes. Hengist Penda bowed, then said slowly, "On Sunday, you were in the bar of the Metropole Hotel, Brighton, before luncheon."

"I was."

"I was, too; I had gone to meet a friend who did not come; so I sat by myself and watched the other people. You had a big man with a red face and a lady in a green dress with you."

"That's right," Pavel said, "we came down from London for the day. Did you find your friend in the end?"

"No, he did not come."

"Does he live in Brighton?"

Penda shrugged. "I do not know where he lives; only that he has been staying there; I wrote to say that I was coming to Brighton and asked where I could meet him; he told me to come to the Metropole Bar. I do not understand what happened. I am going into Brighton again this evening to see if I can find him." He kept his eyes on her while he spoke. "And you? Have you also something you want to do in Brighton?"

"That is very kind of you," Pavel said.

They pulled up in front of the Metropole. "We'll have one look and see if he is there," Penda said.

They climbed the steps, passed through the lounge, and went into the bar. There were six people in the place. Penda looked round and shook his head. "Let's have a cocktail, anyway," he suggested.

"Is the man you want to see English?"

The reply astounded her. "I don't know, I've never met him."

He smiled at her astonishment. "He is a fan—rather a mysterious one. Several days ago he wrote to say he had read one of my books and would like to meet me; he would not give his address but asked me to put an advertisement in the personal column of a certain paper if I was coming to Brighton, to which he would reply by the same means." Penda paused. "I haven't told anybody about this, because it sounds so ridiculous."

"How did he get your address to start with?"

"He wrote, care of my publishers; they forwarded the letter. The whole business was extremely silly, he might just as well have used the same means to make an appointment direct. I fell for it because—" Penda smiled. "—no author can resist a real life mystery."

"Then you never actually wrote to him?"

Penda shook his head. "I couldn't. I don't know his address. I had not the face to admit to those people on the lawn that I'd been corresponding through the agony column."

"You have no idea who 'Walter' is?"

"None."



"The Nazis can't hurt me in England," said Walther. "But in Austria —"

"How do you know he often comes in here?" she asked.

"Because he said so in his original letter."

This answer tallied with what

Penda had previously said. Pavel thought of Mrs. Wallace's instructions: "He may not be an agent at all."

"I suppose he read one of your

books in English," she said. "Who publishes for you over here?"

"Lightfoot in Pall Mall have printed one; they are going to do another."



SHE turned and looked straight at him. "I don't want you to misunderstand me."

He laughed. "That's all right." Then he looked at her intently as he had done that Sunday. "Do you know, when I first saw you in the Metropole I knew this was going to happen."

"Did you really?" Pavel said. She was not quite sure what he meant.

As they drove off next day Pavel said: "I left word with the porter that I may not be back to-morrow."

"You won't be," Penda told her.

He looked very cool and pleased with himself, sitting at the wheel, wearing his favorite linen trousers and open-necked shirt. Their luggage was on the back seat; she had only brought a small dressing case; his suitcase was much bigger.

"How long will it take to get there?" she asked.

"We ought to reach Lyme Regis for lunch, that is on the border. We can either stay there or go on to Seaton."

"I want to see Devonshire."

"You shall, I promise you, I shall have to leave you for a little while in the afternoon. I've got some people I must see. I shall only be away a short time."

"All right, I'll amuse myself," Pavel said.

So he was going off on his own in the afternoon. She wondered what she ought to do. Her instructions were to send Mrs. Wallace a telegram giving the name of the town at which they stopped.

Cruising at forty-five miles an hour they reached Lyme Regis at one o'clock. He pulled up in front of a black and white timbered hotel in the main street; a freshly-painted sign hanging from the gable in front of the building announced that it was called "The Antlers."

"This is where we lunch," Penda said. "There is a filling station over there, I'll get some petrol."

Pavel looked along the street and saw a post office a few doors beyond the hotel. Though she did not know where they would finally stop, it might be well to send Mrs. Wallace a telegram saying where they were now.

She said: "While you are doing that, I am going to buy some post-cards."

"All right, we will meet in the hotel." He held open the car door.

Please turn to page 12

"Are you famous in Austria?"

"I was beginning to be read; that is finished now."

"Because of Hitler?" she said. He did not look a Jew.

"The party. I wrote what I thought about them."

"What did you think?"

The line of his mouth hardened; the rounded cheeks seemed to become bony. "They are no good."

Pavel looked across at the bar. A barman was shaking their cocktails, and at the far end of the bar a little half-bald man was sitting with his shoulders hunched, holding an evening paper in front of him. When she looked up she saw the little man watching them over the top of the paper. She said to Penda: "Why don't you ask the barman if anyone has inquired if you have been in here?"

"The barman does not know my name."

"The man who wants to see you does. Tell the barman who you are; it's worth trying, he may have been given a message."

"All right," Penda agreed.

The barman came across with their drinks; Penda waited till he had put the glasses on the table, then said: "Has anybody been asking for me? I arranged to meet a friend here on Sunday; I wonder if he has been in since."

"What name, sir?"

"Hengist Penda—P-E-N-D-A," he spelt it.

The barman turned round. "Yes, Mr. Penda, there is a gentleman here now who wants to see you. He came just after you had gone on Sunday."

"Sitting by himself at the end of the bar?"

The barman nodded: "I'll tell him you are here."

"One moment; before you do that could you find out his name—with-out telling him mine?"

"I could ask the gentleman, sir."

"If it is Walter, then it is all right; I'd like to meet him."

"Mr. Walter, sir?"

"Yes, or Walter somebody—Walter Jones, Walter Smith."

He turned to Pavel. "Do you mind all this?"

"No, I'm fascinated; it is most exciting to watch a meeting between an author and an unknown fan. I wonder which book he read."

Favel turned in alarm as a voice behind her said mockingly, "Lovely view, isn't it?"

"I don't know."

"He wrote to your English publishers," Pavel said. "You said you had only had one book translated." She saw Penda falter for an instant, just a twitch of the eyebrows and mouth, then he said: "Perhaps that was the one he read." He looked across the room. The little man was getting down from his stool.

Pavel watched the stranger cross the room: he walked diffidently, putting his weight on his toes, as people do who come in late for church. When he came to the table he said: "Mr. Hengist Penda?"

Penda got up and held out his hand, smiling good humoredly. "Are you the mysterious Walter?"

THE little man's manner gave the impression that he was dreadfully embarrassed, but Pavel noticed that his eyes were cool.

"Yes, I am. I'm afraid you will think me a terrible nuisance." His English was perfect, his appearance foreign, he had the same dark skin as Hengist Penda.

"Well, what can I do for you, Mr. —?"

"Walter, that is my name, Walther—hein," he pronounced it quite differently, looking keenly at Penda. "I am from the same country as you."

Hengist Penda's face lightened; he said something in German, and Walther answered in the same tongue. Penda turned to Pavel. "Do you understand German?"

"Just a little; you asked him if he wanted to go back to his home."

"That's right," Penda nodded.

Pavel lit a cigarette. She needed it—this was a moment that mattered. She was certain now that neither of the men had any thought that she could be connected with the British Government.

"Let me introduce you," Penda said to Walther. "This is Miss Wood who is staying at the hotel next to my farm. She knows about you because I was telling her of our queer correspondence. What happened on Sunday? I came in at the time you said."

"I did not say a time."

"You said Metropole Bar, 12.30. I've got the cutting."

"Someone else put that in."

The two men looked at one another, both indifferent to Pavel.

"Someone else put in the advertisement!" Penda repeated.

Walther nodded, his little eyes looked bright and cunning. "They had seen my advertisement," he said. He turned to Pavel. "You must think this all so silly, but there was a reason why I could not write to Mr. Penda."

"Why?" Pavel asked.

"The party."

"The Nazis do you mean? What can they do?"

Walther said: "They can't hurt me in England, but in Austria—my brothers and sisters are still there."

Pavel puffed at her cigarette. It looked as if the case was going to fizzle out. Just an anti-Nazi trying to get in touch with another of his creed.

Then Hengist Penda spoke. "Miss Wood was in here when I came to meet you on Sunday morning," he said to Walther.

"So!" The little man turned to Pavel and she felt his eyes looking straight into hers. "And now you are staying at an hotel near his farm!"

Pavel stayed on at the Beacon; she did not see "Walter" again, but at the end of a week she had Penda enslaved.

One evening as they were strolling on the lawn he said: "I'm going down to the West Country to-morrow, or next day; I'm not sure which. I shall stay about a day and come back. I wonder if you would like the run?"

"Where are you going to stay?" Pavel asked.

"The first hotel I like the look of. If you care to come along—"

"To the first hotel you like the look of?"

Penda saw she was laughing, he shook his head. "I don't understand you English girls."

"Some are different from others," Pavel said. "What are you going down there for?"

He looked along the road, his eyelids twitching as she had noticed they did when he had not a ready reply. "Just the drive; I've been writing rather a lot and want a break."

"I see. I rather like your idea, but—" Pavel looked along the road. "But what?"

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LOVED I NOT HONOR MORE

•She reproached him for neglecting her.
How could he make her understand
that he had really done it for her sake?

SITTING by the bedside while Aunt Hester took one of the countless sudden naps to which her eighty-one years entitled her, Clover read over the letter which had arrived this morning from the Naval Hospital at Trincomalee.

"Clover, do you remember that very pretty but incurably sentimental Macpherson—a probationer at St. Michael's about the same time as you?"

"She has fallen madly in love with a young Adonis who graced the officers' ward for six weeks while recovering from a smashed patella. He couldn't marry Macpherson because he'd been engaged for years to some girl at home—a family arrangement, I gathered. He inherits the grange and she supplies the cash to liquidate the moat."

"His name's Andrew Clairville—did you ever hear of him? He comes from your part of the world. Anyway, he's on his way home now..."

Lady Clairville woke up with a start.

"Clover, oughtn't you to be getting ready?"

"Not yet, Aunt Hester. The shipping office said they couldn't possibly get in till six o'clock at the earliest."

"And did you order the carriage?"

"I arranged for a car, Auntie. I'm not very keen on cab horses, not in Gibraltar. Rather too painfully close to the Bull Ring. Besides, a car will get Andrew home to you twice as fast."

The old lady sighed. "A carriage would have been more romantic," she said regretfully. "And have you decided what to wear, my dear?"

"I haven't thought." Clover's blue eyes were vague and distant.

Lady Clairville sat bolt upright in bed. "When I was a young girl I should have spent a day trying on every frock I possessed if my sweetheart was coming, even if I had only been parted from him a week. And if I hadn't seen him for five years—something pink or pale blue would be suitable, Clover. Better still, white. Haven't you got a white frock, my dear?"

"Heaps, Auntie. Only they all happen to be above knee-length, and require a tennis racquet as an accessory."

There was a little teasing note in Clover's voice. Aunt Hester liked to pretend to be shocked at the modern girl's scantiness of attire. Only Clover did wish she wouldn't allude to Andrew as her "sweetheart." He might be her fiancé, but there certainly hadn't been anything very devoted in the way he'd preferred to substitute Antarctic expeditions to home leave year after year—and that wretched letter was still burning a hole in the lining of her handbag.

"Oh, Clover, I do so much want you to look your best for Andrew."

Lady Clairville's voice was strangely pathetic. "Aunt Hester, I've got a dream of a frock that I bought in Paris, made of the softest, creamiest silk that ever silkworm spun. It's smart, too, and terribly sophisticated, with a darling little hat that looks as though the angels had blown together a halo that I never deserved. You'll love it. I'll make myself look nice."

"I'm going to make myself look nice, too," said the old lady proudly. "I'm going to wear my new jacket with the silver stars, and a mauve velvet bow on my hair, whatever Dawkins says. And my diamonds. You might get them out now, Clover. The jewel case is in the second drawer, and the coat in that cardboard box—on the top of the wardrobe where that fool Dawkins will put it, just to be exasperating."

Clover fetched the required finery and spread it out on the counterpane. A ray from

the setting sun filtered through the window and caught a thousand answering gleams from the gems that the wrinkled hands clutched so tenaciously.

"This diamond necklace will be yours, Clover, my dear," said Lady Clairville impressively, "on your wedding day."

Her wedding day! Clover caught her breath. What would poor Aunt Hester say if she heard that there wasn't going to be a wedding at all?

"And this little pearl necklace will be yours when—I'm not able to give it to you personally, Clover."

"Now, Auntie," Clover gently rebuked, "you're not to be dismal. Not on the day when your precious grandson comes home."

"Not dismal," said the quivering voice obstinately. "I'm very happy when I remember that these pearls were the gift my dear husband brought me when my first baby was born. Make no mistake, Clover. The happiest time of a woman's life is when children come to her, if she's got a good husband, who loves her truly. But, there, I oughtn't to be talking to you like that, at your age, my dear. I know."

"You forget, Auntie, I'm a trained nurse. One learns quite a lot about life in hospitals, you know."

"A lot too much. Now, run along and get ready," fussed Aunt Hester.

"And come and show me yourself before you leave. You mustn't be late."

By DORIS CREESE

Clover paced up and down the quay, painfully early, as a result of Aunt Hester's anxiety for her to be in time. Clover was telling herself very firmly that this time there wasn't going to be any romance at all between herself and Andrew. Her mind was made up. She wasn't going to marry a man who didn't really care for her. She was going to be adamant, adamant as that queer giant rock that reared its imperial head far above the town.

At twenty-three, Andrew would find her a very different person from the young girl of eighteen who had given him her heart and promised him her hand in marriage.

If Andrew wanted her to marry him now, he could jolly well cringe. Clover told herself hotly.

And then she would refuse him.

Please turn to page 40



Illustrated by DES CONDON

Andrew and Aunt Hester were playing cribbage when Clover came in, dressed for the ball.

Only the King and Queen saw this fashion show

Britain makes superb new
fabrics for trade drive

MARY ST. CLAIRE, in this special wireless from London, tells of the exquisite new fabrics and colors used in the British fashion trade's drive to capture South American markets.



● JACQMAR MODEL. Jacket is blazer style, frock in new British pique in brown and white stripes.



● HARTNELL MODEL. One of the fine new rayons is used for this.



● MATITA MODEL. Flannel goes gorgeous. Here it is in a dressy outfit in old rose with a basque band in turquoise, and draped hip pockets.

Only the King and Queen have been let into the cut and style secrets of the great dress show being sent to South America to capture for Britain the fashion markets vacated by the fall of Paris.

The dresses were paraded for their Majesties at Buckingham Palace, and thus, for perhaps the first time in history, fashion facts have become State secrets.

ENGLISH women are not too busy with bombs and invasion prospects to be intrigued by this strict secrecy and to feel justly proud that at such a time British industry has been able to turn the restricted raw materials available into superb fabrics and glamorous styles.

I am able to reveal the materials and colors used in this dress collection.

More than that is known only to the designers, stitchers and mannequins—and their Majesties.

The King came on from a Privy Council meeting to see the parade given by nine of the eighteen lovelies chosen to go to Rio de Janeiro with the collection.

Cotton varying from smooth surfaces to new hairy textures was used for morning, afternoon, and evening dresses.

This cotton has been glamorized—tinted, corded, printed in rich colors, given a silky finish—as well as being developed into more masculine weaves.

These include firm piques, shirt-

ings with uniformity of line and color.

Cotton has been matched with velvet in this collection, and so a beige corduroy coat covered a brown, beige, and white check voile dress.

Cotton evening dresses featured dusky backgrounds with gully-printed flower designs.

Navy-blue voile of gossamer weave had a heavy white wove stripe.

Linens were lifted out of the sports class and developed fine crepe textures for evening wear.

Blouses in acid-bright colors, soft pastels, and vividly patterned sheer linens were used by all houses for two-piece suits.

Linens and rayons

COMPANION linens in new checks and stripes were worked in with plain linens for tailored frocks and suits.

Rayons rival pure silks. Rayon, in fact, has been developed so that it is hardly distinguishable from a dozen other fabrics.

It now has crispness as well as firmness, and, looking like grosgrain, was used for a fussy afternoon coat over a cotton frock.

Silk serge in a very fine quality,

which has taken months to perfect, is the newest thing from the silk looms.

Exclusive prints, satins both soft and slipper, as well as the silks which might well be the envy of France's manufacturers at their best, are some of the new materials that have been made up.

Woolens show all the beauty which is expected of this truly British material.

In rich color combinations such as shades of red, violet, and green on a yellow background, it made neatly tailored suits which had plain woolen blouses of a fineness hitherto attributable only to France.

Flannel was used for many dressy coats. This new flannel is of a firm texture and flat surface.

In white, grey, or beige, it was made up into neatly tailored coats to complete afternoon ensembles.

Striped light wool morning frocks were covered with jackets reminiscent of a sports blazer, some of which may also be worn at night.

Lumber-jacket suits of flannel or rough wool with contrasting blouses provided another around-town ensemble that owed its inspiration to outdoor wear.

Popular colors were midnight-blue, parchment, dead-white for evenings, stripes, checks and cornflower-blue with plenty of white for trimmings and accessories for day-wear.

Beach-wear was in every shade from cream to brown, which will admirably complement the dark eyes and suntanned skins of South American beauties.



Keep
alert all
day long
with healthful delicious
Wrigley's Chewing Gum

When your work is tiresome, it is time to chew delicious WRIGLEY'S CHEWING GUM. It refreshes you, helps you to concentrate and soothes frayed nerves. WRIGLEY'S also gives your gums and teeth the exercise they lack because of modern, soft foods.

Chew healthful WRIGLEY'S regularly after every meal. Notice how your facial muscles become strengthened, and your face and chin tend to retain

their natural contour. Three delicious flavours—P.K. (real peppermint), Spearmint (garden mint) and Juicy Fruit (deliciously different).

Never be without a supply of WRIGLEY'S in the house. Keep an extra supply for the children. They love it. Buy some to-day. Every package of WRIGLEY'S CHEWING GUM is as big in benefits as it is small in cost. Take your change in Wrigley's.

NEXT WEEK:

Special lift-out knitwear section for adults. All the latest designs in beautiful color artgrature. DON'T MISS IT!

WRIGLEY'S

Three Delicious Flavours for
Your Choice. An Australian
Product. On Sale Everywhere.

AU21

A day with our airmen in England . . .



WAVING GOOD-BYE to Australia, Pilot-Officer Jack Kinnane (second from left) is now in England with the first batch of Empire Air Trainees to arrive there.

Thrilling trip with the boys on ground raid of the Ruhr

By beam wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our special representative in England

I've just spent an evening among Aussies who'll soon be strengthening the long arm of the R.A.F. as it reaches out nightly to hammer the enemy.

In a room at the Wellington Training Unit, where the first Australians to reach England under the Empire Training Scheme are finishing an advanced course, they "flew" me on a sensational raid over the Ruhr—without leaving the ground. It all took place in a training device.

MY pilot was Pilot-Officer Keith Robinson, of Sydney, second-pilot and instructor was Flight-Lieutenant Jimmie Brough, D.F.C., of Hobart, and the bomb-aimer

was Pilot-Officer Jack Kinnane, of Adelaide.

It is only a few weeks since these lads arrived and already their keenness and rapid progress are earning them praise from the "Higher-ups."

Getting acquainted with the giant "wimpies," instrument flying, bomb-aiming, and navigating, with lectures interspersed among hours of flying, haven't left much time for the Australians to get acquainted with the countryside.

But they've established themselves firmly with the training unit as "keen types."

Flight-Lieutenant Brough, one of the instructors, who is an experienced pilot and wears the D.F.C. ribbon under his wings, took me over the station. I found the Australians distinguishable by the blue of their uniforms.

First one I met was Sergeant Jack Woolnough, of Hobart, who brought a cutting his father sent him to Canada when Brough won the D.F.C.

Woolnough and Brough went to Hobart Junior Technical School together, and Woolnough intended spending his first leave finding Brough, but Brough spotted him when he took the first parade on the day of arrival.

In the navigation room, Sergeant Joe McCullough, from Canberra, and Pilot-Officer Peter Wilson, of Melbourne, looked up from compasses and maps long enough to tell me they were "quite O.K." and that they hoped soon "to be having a crack at the Nazis."

It was only a few steps to a larger room where, in a series of cubicles, Australian pilots and English observers and wireless operators were plotting a course representing a flight.

Lights flashed indicating a convoy, and Sergeant Pat Field, of Hay, observed its course and the number of ships and a wealth of valuable information.

Soon he was collecting 100 per cent. marks for a report to Intelligence.

Outside in the pale winter sunshine I watched Sergeant Uhrig, a Newcastle pilot, take the ungainly Wellington down the runway.

As the drone of the giant bomber died away Sergeant-Pilot Lyn Barrett, of Adelaide, made a perfect landing and, scrambling from the cockpit, ran across the aerodrome towards us, followed by his co-pilot, Sergeant F. A. Wood, another South Australian.

"We're thrilled to be flying Wellingtons," they said.

Instructor Brough said: "It's only when for some reason or other they can't fly there's much grousing round here."

The boys write on an average three or four letters a week, so if they don't arrive, blame the mails.

Most send letters by Clipper once monthly.

They all want their favorite tobacco sent over because they haven't developed a taste for English "weed."

Woolens are plentiful, and Australia House is keeping them well "kitted up."

All are "long-coated"—they've discarded the short topcoat.

Back to the bombing training I went for a last "flip over the Ruhr" with Pilot-Officer Bill Schircliff.

He "piloted" me to Gelsenkirchen. Despite the weather and the flash of searchlights—by courtesy of the most intricate piece of mechanism—we reached our objective and Pilot-Officer Bob Campbell, of Wagga, unloaded the bombs.

"Then we called it a day and 'flew' home."



SERGEANT-PILOT LYN BARRETT, whom Mary St. Claire saw in England.



FLIGHT-LIEUT. J. F. BROUGH, D.F.C., of Hobart, now an instructor at a Wellington Training Station.



PILOT-OFFICER KEITH ROBINSON, of Sydney, now completing his training in England.



SERGEANT-PILOT F. A. WOOD, of South Australia, now in England.

I JUST DROPPED IN FOR A FEW MINUTES MRS. McDONALD. I SEE YOU GIVE YOUR FAMILY KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES

YES, MRS. LUDLOW, GOOD FOOD'S THE LAST THING I'D CUT DOWN ON - THE LITTLE YOU SAVE WOULD SOON GO IN DOCTOR'S BILLS

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

YOU'D HAVE TO LET OUT YOUR BELT AFTER 5 SAUSAGES BEFORE YOU COULD EQUAL THE ENERGY VALUE PROVIDED BY A SINGLE HELPING OF EASILY DIGESTED KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES. HOW ABOUT LETTING KELLOGG'S PEP UP YOUR FAMILY WITH SOME OF THIS ENERGY TOO?

Just let me at those KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES! Delicious - and nothing can touch them for crispness

FOOD FOR THOUGHT THAT'S EVEN MORE AMAZING

That same plateful of KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES will give a salesgirl enough energy to keep serving flat out for 3 hours - 15 minutes

Kellogg's give you back the full value for your money in quality. Kellogg's Corn Flakes are made from the highest quality white Australian corn. Richest in energy value. Most delicious in flavour.

Listen in to Mrs. Ludlow of "Martin's Corner" - all leading radio stations each Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday night.



OFFICERS' MESS of a Western Suburbs battalion under the trees at dinner during a day of tactical manoeuvres.



MEMBERS of an Eastern Suburbs battalion receiving instruction in handling light machine-guns.

On manoeuvres with the Ingleburn troops

Tough fighters—these lads of our bachelor army

While Mary St. Claire, of our London staff, visited our Australian airmen in an advanced training camp in England, Adele Shelton-Smith, of our Sydney staff, spent a day at Ingleburn camp watching our citizen army in the making.

Mary St. Claire's story is on the opposite page. Here is the Ingleburn story.

By ADELE SHELTON-SMITH

AFTER a day watching our Ingleburn army in the making, I came back with a feeling of reassurance which I know will sustain me in any crisis.

Universal trainees at Ingleburn doing an additional three weeks' training, the 20, 22, 23, and 24 age groups, are a young men's army, a bachelor army of insurance clerks, salesmen, University students, laborers, engineers, assistants from shop counters, architects, solicitors, muscular heroes of surf clubs, football and cricket.

On one of the hottest days in the year all of them were scattered over the rolling brown hills—carrying out tactical manoeuvres, wirelaying to gun positions, practising radio signalling, learning range-finding and

gun-loading in gun positions under shady trees.

Two of us plodded through the long grass in the wake of a battalion on tactical manoeuvres.

The summer landscape is such perfect camouflage that our stockings were full of grass seeds, our faces red with exertion, before we found our battalion. But the Australian Army was much too serious about its work to jeer at the discomfort of two females.

"It's funny we haven't seen a single snake yet," said our guide, a young lieutenant, when we were in a patch of waist-deep grass.

The battalion set out from a ruined, deserted farmhouse drowsing



PTE. A. B. KELL, a builder in civil life, eats an army dinner.

on the top of a hill—a "feature" in army language.

The farmhouse was called "Hill 60 Ranch," and round its name on the wall succeeding battalions of A.I.F. and militia have scrawled their names.

Our guide explained how the men move in tactical formation. They set out in sections groups of seven men spreading out across the hillside, so that in actual warfare casualties would be minimised.

While one section disappeared over the brow of the hill in a smoke-screen another was being instructed by a very young corporal in how to give firing orders.

His first pupil had the natural drawl of most Australians.

"That's no good," said the young corporal trying to disguise his own drawl. "Say it as if you meant business."

This section got on to its feet from lounging on the crumbling verandah and set off down the hill in single file.

Lewis gun post

It was to attack a Lewis gun position across a gully, three barbed-wire fences and a creek bed.

As we followed them down the hill we watched their sunburnt young faces grow set and serious.

In the scorching sunlight we felt a sudden chill, realising this was what actual war in Australia would look like—even with the brown butterflies and little pale blue moths fluttering above bright blue wildflowers in the aromatic grass.

When we came to the fences we were badly outdistanced by our section.

Ahead of us we could see the khaki figures suddenly rush up the hill, their fixed bayonets winking in the sunlight as they "surprised" the handsome young man in charge of the Lewis gun.

With perspiration pouring down their faces they flopped on to the grass, exchanging banter with their "enemy victim."

Prolific letter-writers

THE soldiers of the bachelor army are prolific letter-writers. Their correspondence is so large that a couple of times the Y.M.C.A. has run out of notepaper.

"They're fine chaps," said a headquarters officer. "It's remarkable how quickly they become accustomed to army life, especially as most of them are city chaps used to a pretty comfortable life."

"They growled a bit at first when the training seemed pretty hard, but in a couple of weeks they were marching and working like veterans."

"When they first came in our five honorary chiropodists treated 185 pairs of feet every week. Last week there were only thirty."

Australia's army seems to be even more democratic than the democratic A.I.F.

When we called at a machine-gun post where a lieutenant was giving a lecture on the use of the Vickers gun, the gunners instructed their officer how to pose for our photograph.

Their slang is the same as the picturesque phrases of the A.I.F. Like his brothers in the A.I.F., the universal trainee is "Digger" to his comrades.

TOO TIRED TO ENJOY A REST?



How do you feel towards the end of the day—eager to get the washing-up done and tuck the kids into bed?

Looking forward to a cheerful evening with the radio?

Or do you flop into a chair too worn out to enjoy your rest, and find yourself dozing to the music?

This isn't right! Do you know what is wrong?

It is probably constipation.

You may be "regular." Still, it's probably constipation. Elimination must be complete as well as regular. If it isn't, poisons get into the blood, cause vague lack of well-being.

For this there is a simple, honest prescription—Kruschen Salts.

It isn't a drug, or a patent medicine, or a fad, or a fashion; it's a British institution.

Doctors have prescribed it these fifty years past, for the analysis on the bottle tells them they could prescribe nothing better. It agrees with their medical knowledge. And Kruschen Salts will agree with you.

YOU'LL FEEL ALL THE BETTER FOR A PINCH OF

KRUSCHEN

Take Kruschen in tea or in hot water, as much as will cover a sixpence, every morning. 1/6 and 2/9 a bottle at Chemists and Stores.

K. 15.1849



A Little 'NUGGET' GOES A LONG, LONG WAY



Use less polish to get a brighter, quicker shine. You can when you use Nugget; its extra "body" means you need less on the brush, less on the shoe. Nugget spreads further—more evenly. It shines brilliantly, more speedily. And it penetrates deeper to preserve the leather—to give extra suppleness and to ward off the "crows-feet" cracks. There is only ONE 'Nugget'—See you get it!

BLACK, DARK TAN, MILITARY TAN, BLUE, & WHITE CLEANER

See pictures pages 10-11

Battle practice for our citizen army...



ARTILLERY PRACTICE at Ingleburn, N.S.W., for six of Australia's 60,000 universal trainees, who are now remaining in camp for additional training.

Here quick-firing 4.5 howitzer is ready for action. Camouflage would be more elaborate in real war. Trainees now in camp are from 20 to 24.



INFANTRY advancing to attack gun position. The advance is made in sections, each section comprising seven men directed by a corporal.



TAKING COVER. Troops in this manoeuvre advance by "fire and movement"—one section engages the enemy, draws its fire, while another moves forward.



LEWIS GUN position is the objective on which the attacking party is advancing. Theoretically it is endeavoring to mow down the attackers.



FINAL ASSAULT. The sections converge, and with fixed bayonets men charge up hill, ploughing through the sea of summer grass to their objective.



Cookhouse call when the long trek's over



(Top): **MIDDAY DINNER** for hungry men on bank of a gully. These four lads, all aged 23, are Privates E. W. Steele, warehouseman; A. B. Kell, builder; R. L. Perkins, railway employee; and R. Lelshman, shop assistant.

(Above): **COMPANY** queues up for meal, each man carrying plate, pannikin, knife, fork and spoon. Utensils are brought from camp with food, each man's issue in individual calico bag. All is ready on the tick of 12.30.

WILL NU-BACK
LADDER MY STOCKINGS?

WILL NU-BACK
CAUSE SHOULDER STRAPS
TO CUT OR SLIP?

WILL NU-BACK
CAUSE DIAPHRAGM
DISCOMFORT?

WILL NU-BACK
RIDE UP?

**NO-
NO-
a thousand
times NO!**

**THANKS TO THE
ACTION
FEATURE**

Why wasn't it thought of years ago—is what style-minded, comfort-loving women say about Nu-Back's incomparable action feature. Over-lapping, to give a smooth, unbroken line when you stand, it lengthens and shortens automatically when you bend and stretch. Seeing's believing... see the only foundation made with the action back, at your favourite store!

Nu Back
The foundation that cannot ride up

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Rheumatism, Ankles Puffy, Backache, Kidneys Strained?

If you're feeling out of sorts, Get Up Nights, or suffer from Dizziness, Nervousness, Backache, Leg Pains, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatism, Burning Passages, Excess Acid, or Loss of Energy and feel old before your time, Kidney Trouble is the true cause.

Wrong foods and drinks, worry, colds or overwork may create an excess of acids and place a heavy strain on your kidneys so that they function poorly and need help to properly refresh your blood and maintain health and energy.

Help Kidneys Doctors' Way

Many doctors have discovered by scientific clinical tests and in actual practice that a quick and sure way to help the kidneys clear out excess poisons and acids is with a scientifically prepared prescrip-

tion called Cystex. Hundreds and hundreds of Doctors' records prove this.

No Benefit—No Pay

The very first dose of Cystex goes right to work helping your kidneys remove excess acids. Quickly, this makes you feel like new again. And no certain are the makers that Cystex will satisfy you completely they ask you to try it under a money back guarantee. You be the judge. If not entirely satisfied just return the empty package and get your money back.

Cystex costs little at chemists and stores and the money back guarantee protects you. Now in 3 sizes—1/10, 4/3, 8/6.

Cystex for
KIDNEYS
BLADDER
The GUARANTEED Remedy RHEUMATISM

Personal Column

Continued from page 5

As she went into the post office she saw him standing by the car watching the gauge on the petrol pump. Inside the shop she first bought four colored postcards of the Dorset and Devonshire coast, then asked for a telegraph form. After heading the message with Mrs. Wallace's telephone number she wrote:

"Arrived Andlers Lyme Regis Stop Lunching here Pavel."

She was reading this through when a voice said: "What are you doing in these parts?" Looking round Pavel saw a gnome-like looking little man wearing grey flannels and a pullover. She lost her grip for an instant, stared at Walther wildly, then recovered and held out her hand: "Hallo! It's Herr Walther, we met at the Metropole."

"That's right," Walther said. "What are you doing here?" "I have come down with Hengist Penda. He is at the hotel. One moment—I'll take you across." She picked up the pen, added: "Walther here" to the telegram and pushed the form under the grille. "Send that, please," she said.

The West Country postmistress took the telegraph form and started to count the words with the point of a pencil. At one point she stopped, evidently not sure about a word. Pavel leaned easily against the counter, though her nerves were taut. She was dreading the postmistress questioning her about the message, or even reading part of it aloud.

"A shilling, please," said the postmistress.

"Yes, we motored down this morning," Pavel said to Walther. "We are going to lunch here and then go on and see a bit of Devonshire this afternoon. Are you stopping in these parts?"

"I came down yesterday," Walther, small and malvolent, seemed to Pavel to be making no effort to hide his dislike for her.

"We'll go and find Hengist," she said.

Penda was in the bar when they came into the hotel; he was standing with his back to the entrance, drinking a glass of sherry.

"Here is a friend of yours," Pavel called.

Penda turned round. "For heaven's sake! What are you doing here?" he exclaimed, staring at Walther. If it was acting, the expression on his face was good.

"I came down to see this part of the world. And you?" Walther looked from Penda to Pavel.

"We are doing the same; Miss Wood wanted to have some real Devonshire cream."

"You have come a long way to get cream," Walther said.

"Where did you two meet?" Penda asked.

"In the post office; Miss Wood was sending a telegram."

Penda looked at Pavel. She was holding the postcards she had bought in her hand; she knew he was wondering why she had not said she wanted to send a telegram.

Penda said to Walther: "You will lunch with us, won't you?"

"Thank you."

"How did you get down?"

"In a car. Are you staying here this evening?"

"No; we are going on to Seaton—at least I don't know where we are going," Penda smiled at Pavel. "The first hotel we like the look of—isn't that the arrangement?"

Walther smirked in a way that made Pavel want to hit him in the face.

"Well, let's have some lunch," Penda said. "A drink first?"

Pavel and Walther shook their heads.

Pavel sat down between the two men at lunch. Walther picked up the menu; he did not look at her or make any attempt to be pleasant. Pavel reasoned that his manner might be accounted for by his supposing that she was Penda's "girl"; she could see that Penda himself was embarrassed by the little gnome's behaviour. She said to Penda: "Weren't you surprised to find Mr. Walther here?"

"Very! If you had not met him in the post office I should not have known about it. Or were you going to lunch here anyway?" Penda asked Walther.

"I was going to lunch here," Walther answered, without looking up from the menu. "Roast beef, potatoes, cabbage," he read aloud. "Do you English never eat anything but roast beef?" he asked Pavel.

"And mutton," Pavel answered.

Walther called up the waiter. "I will have roast beef, potatoes, but no cabbage."

"What would you like?" Penda asked Pavel.

"Something cold—tongue and salad, and gooseberry tart."

"With Devonshire cream?" Penda smiled. "Don't forget why you came to Devonshire."

"We are not in Devonshire; this is Dorset. You are going to get me Devonshire cream for tea. That is the proper time to have it."

Walther's little black eyes looked at her over the menu, which he was still holding.

"Where do you have tea?"

Pavel left Penda to answer this; she saw his mouth opening and shutting, and his eyelids twitching. He said: "I may have to be away longer than I expected, so if I can't get back in time do you mind having tea here alone, then we can drive on in the cool of the evening?"

Pavel turned to Walther. "He brings me down here, then goes off by himself to see friends. Do you think that is kind of him?"

"He must see his friends," Walther looked at Penda, who dropped his eyes.

Pavel said to Walther: "You could stay and have tea with me?" Walther shook his head. "I go to see these friends also."

So they were going off together, leaving her at the hotel. The waiter came up: "Miss Wood?" he asked.

"Yes," Pavel said.

"You are wanted on the telephone."

"Excuse me, will you?" she said to Penda and Walther.

"So you also have friends near here?" Walther's little black eyes looked steadily into hers.

"Yes, that is why I was sending a telegram just now."

"Why do you not telephone?"

"Because I knew they would not be in before half-past one."

"You never told me you knew anybody at Lyme Regis," Penda said.

"I didn't think of it till we got here. Excuse me; I must go."

"We shall be able to drop you at your friend's house on the way to see our friends," Penda offered.

Pavel saw a grin on Walther's face; she thought: I'll get out of that by saying they have rung up to tell me they won't be in. "Thanks," she said, "don't let them take my gooseberry tart away."

When she got into the hall she found the telephone was an open one inside the reception office. She picked up the receiver. "Hallo!"

"Hallo, Pavel." She knew that

Animal Antics



"Oh, come on, let's go! He probably isn't home."

throaty voice. An open telephone in the reception office of an hotel was not a good place to talk to Mrs. Wallace. To let the old lady know where she was she said: "Speak a little louder please, there are people talking round me and I can't hear you."

"I understand, my dear," Mrs. Wallace did not raise her voice. "I've just got your telegram. Your report has not surprised us. We expected Walther would be there. Now this is what you are to do. Keep the receiver close to your ear and listen carefully."

Penda was looking at his watch when Pavel came back.

"I'm afraid we shall have to start," he said. "How about your friends?" "They won't be at home. I'll be all right. I'll sit and read the paper for a bit and perhaps go for a walk."

"Very well, I'll be back as soon as I can."

"Isn't Mr. Walther coming back with you?"

"No," Penda said quickly, as he looked at his watch again. "I must go now."

Over his shoulder she saw a clock on the mantelpiece. The time was just after two.

Walther got up. "Come along," he said to Penda. "Are you going to stay here?" he asked Pavel.

"Yes," she picked up a spoon and began eating the gooseberry tart. "I'm going to rest after lunch."

"It will be better for you," Walther said. His tone of voice, the way he looked at her as he spoke, everything about the little gnome was smoothly menacing.

Please turn to page 14

WHAT'S the ANSWER?

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE ON THESE QUESTIONS:

1—Our campaign in Africa has been such a whirlwind, you may find it a bit confusing now to sort out that Fort Capuzzo is in Libya — Egypt — Eritrea — Abyssinia.

2—No use planning to have angelinas for lunch unless you realise that these are

Tomatoes — grapes — crystallised cherries — plums — small iced and cream-filled sponge cakes.

3—St. David's Day falls this week on Saturday, March 1. Much fable has been wrapped around this patron saint of Wales, but it has at least been established that

He was a poor shepherd preacher — he lived between 580 and 600 A.D. — he was a purely legendary figure — he was the son of a revered Welsh hermit.

4—Narcotic? Yes, it's a

Poison — medicine to lull the nervous system — drug to produce coma — medicine to stimulate digestion.

5—When Hitler talks about his

"Luftwaffe" he means his Crack armored divisions — propaganda tactics—Air Force—habit of annexing other countries —U-boat campaign.

6—We still have plenty of King George V coins in circulation, so you should know that on these the King's head faces

Left — right — differently according to the value of the coin.

7—Your child and your first cousin's child are

First cousins once removed — second cousins — third cousins — second cousins once removed.

8—Foreign politics are certainly confusing—but the man who said that Lord Moyne was recently made Chairman of Britain's Foreign Relations Committee was obviously wrong because

There's been no recent change in the chairman — Sir Kingsley Wood was the man recently appointed — there's no such person as Lord Moyne — there's no such thing as Britain's Foreign Relations Committee.

9—Photometry—take it easy, now—is the science which deals with

The mechanism of the camera —the functioning of the memory —electrical force—the measurement and intensity of light.

10—Something simple after that, please — so just supply the line which follows

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen.

Answers on page 14

PURSUIT JOB

By . . .

ROBERT SUTTON

A man must have more than mechanical skill to fly a modern plane . . . but Frank just refused to admit this

PENSACOLA simmered, gently, under an April sun. The girl in the tan roadster, parked in the space reserved for officers' cars beside the flight office, followed the manoeuvres of the T4M torpedo plane which descended in a long power glide to the buoy—target for simulated torpedo approaches—then rose and circled over the naval air station.

It banked, twin pontoons gleaming in the sun, above the flight tower; the motor snarled briefly as the pilot gunned for his approach, and the plane landed smoothly on the placid waters of the bay. Betty Rigdon spoke to the man who leaned, arms folded, against the roadster's fender.

"Looks as if he made it all right. He wasn't six feet off the water and dead on the buoy when he started climbing."

"Yes. I'd've passed him. Our Frankie's a naval aviator now—too bad."

He opened the door and sank into the red leather seat beside the girl.

"Let's go, sis. The whole mob will be over at the house soon—there's a pair of shiny new wings to be christened—and I'd just as soon get a bath and sleep up a bit first."

"You're not going to wait, then—to congratulate Frank?"

"No. Time enough for that later."

She started the motor and drove through the naval reservation. John Rigdon, Lieutenant, U.S.N., saluted automatically as the marine at the main gate presented arms, then lit a cigarette.

"What did you mean, Jack, when you said 'too bad'?" his sister asked. "I've had the idea Frank Cotton was a pretty good flier."

"So's a gyro-pilot," the lieutenant said wearily. "He's like one—as mechanical as a robot. He knows all the questions there are in the book, but only one answer to each one of them. I've watched him all the way through, hoping at every stage that something would happen to put him out and send him back to sea duty, but no such luck. He'll take flying duty just like he's taken flying instruction—just another mechanical assignment. I hope he lives long enough to enjoy a few paydays."

The roadster's speed slackened as the girl's foot lifted from the accelerator. John Rigdon's eyes turned to his sister.

"I'm sorry, Bets. I didn't know you felt that way or—"

The white sandal moved towards the floor and the car leaped forward. Her tight-pressed lips were a crimson line across her face.

"It's more than 'that way,' Jack. You might as well know it. I've been telling myself that Frank Cotton is the one, that's all."

"Almost enough. Have you told him, too?"

"Not quite." She stared straight ahead as she waited for a green light. "This—this other business, Jack—is it really as bad as you made it sound? I knew you were having Frank checked awfully close, but I didn't know why."

"You know now. A year from now—if he's still around—Frank might know, too. Planes are something like girls. The fellow who thinks he knows all the answers is leading with his chin. The man who lasts, with either or both of 'em, is the bird who knows that they have their individual peculiarities—call it temperament if you wish. He doesn't crack up when one of them does the unexpected. Do you see what I mean?"

"Yes." She turned into the driveway of their bungalow. "I think I see. Just skip it for the present, Jack."



Illustrated by JOHN SANTRY

"You've got your wings, Frank," said Betty. "But you're not a flier and never will be."

The gold wings were a jaunty addition to Lieutenant Frank Cotton's white uniform. He polished them with laughing ostentation and brushed imaginary dust from their surfaces as he acknowledged the congratulations of his fellow officers, their wives, sisters, and sweethearts who crowded the Rigdon bungalow and danced on the tiled terrace beneath the pepper-trees. There were drinks and laughter and toasts and jests that all the Navy knows.

WHEN you get to North Island, Frank . . . "Whitney French is there now. Tell him for me that . . ."

"Remember that Cuban girl at Calmanera—the one that Dick Rocap thought couldn't talk English? Well . . ."

Cotton ducked from the room and, on the terrace, cut in on the ensign who was dancing with Betty Rigdon. The radio was blaring and Frank cupped the girl's elbow in his palm and guided her to the tiny patio, deserted save for one couple.

"I've hardly seen you all the evening," he began.

"It's a mob, isn't it? I haven't congratulated you, Frank, on passing your final check-flight."

"Thanks. Did you know I had orders for Coronado—flight orders?"

She nodded.

"Well—" he gulped and tried a new start. "Don't you want to go with me, Bets?"

"Don't say any more." Her fingers brushed his lips, then fell to her lap. "Then I won't have to tell you no."

"It would be no, would it? Ever since last week, at the Country Club, I've been thinking that—"

"I've had a chance to think, too, Frank. It would be no unless—unless you applied for sea duty and gave up flying entirely."

He gasped audibly.

"You mean—why, Bets, it's taken me a year of the hardest work since I was in the Academy to get these wings and you're asking me out of a clear sky—"

"I've been here for two years," she said firmly, "and I've lived all my life in the Navy. I've known a lot of fliers and their wives, and it's the wives I've been thinking about. The wives—laughing and going to teas and cocktail parties and dances, and all the time waiting and being brave and each one wondering if she'll be the one in three who sees her husband live to retire from Naval aviation."

"Betty—"

She flung up her hand in a quick gesture.

"No! You've got your wings, Frank, but you're not a flier and you never will be. You're a robot—mechanical . . ."

He was suddenly erect. His voice was cool.

OH, so Jack's been talking! The old-maid schoolteacher brings her problems home. He told me the same thing before I had ten solo hours. "You're a mechanical pilot, you fly as though you were plotting a gunnery problem, and I hope for your own sake you bust out before you break your neck!" His voice mocked Rigdon's earnest tones. "Listen, Betty, Jack's a seasoned pilot but he doesn't know it all. Flying is mechanical. A modern plane is a complicated machine and I treat it like one—not like a temperamental woman."

"Yes." Her voice was as negative as a freshly-starched guest-towel. He watched her face as he lit a cigarette.

"So you've forgotten the Country Club, have you, Betty? Or are you blaming it on the moon and a weak-and-willing moment?"

"That's over. All that counts is that I want to be a Navy wife, not a flier's widow."

"Jitters! Flying jitters. And the story would be different if I applied for sea duty?"

"It might. I—I meant everything I told you at the club, but I'd sooner lose you now before you became so much a part of me that . . . that . . ."

She faltered and Cotton interrupted roughly.

"I'm going to Coronado, if only to show Jack Rigdon and Jack Rigdon's sister that a man doesn't have to be a prima donna or a psychologist to fly a plane. I'm going."

"That sounds as if the matter's settled. Let's go in and make a cocktail, Frank." He rose and swung her to her feet. For a moment her shoulder touched his breast but she drew away as his arms rose. "Good luck in California, Frank—and wait six months before applying for assignment to pursuit ships. Will you? For me?"

He did not answer until they reached the steps to the terrace.

"A robot flier shouldn't trust himself with anything as tricky as a single-seated pursuit job. Is that another of the very remarkable Jack's ideas?"

Please turn to page 44

FROM the dining-room window she watched Walther and Penda walk to Penda's car; before getting in Walther looked in the back where Penda's big suitcase and her smaller one were lying on the seat. He spoke to Penda, who nodded; they both climbed into the car and drove away. She waited till the car disappeared down the street, then got up, left the hotel, and walked to the garage where Penda had got petrol.

The proprietor was standing in his doorway; he was a strongly-built young West Countryman.

"I want to hire a car to go for a short drive," Pavel said. "Can you take me yourself?"

"Yes, miss, when do you want to leave?"

"Now. I want to go as far as a place called Tor Cross, where I am told I can get a pretty view of the

coast; I shall be going down to the beach for a little time, then you can bring me back here."

"Very good, miss." The proprietor went to get out his car.

They reached the red granite cross in quick time. Penda's car was parked just beyond the cross. Pavel looked carefully to see there was no one in sight before she got out herself.

"Which is Start Point?" she asked the driver.

He pointed to a headland. "Thanks. If I'm not back in an hour, you might have a look and see if I've fallen over the cliffs," she spoke jokingly.

"I hope you won't do that, miss; you'll find a path down to the beach just over there." He showed her where the path began.

Personal Column

Continued from page 12

As she neared the cliff's edge Pavel slowed down; she did not want to be seen descending. The sea stretched in front of her, dead calm and very blue; a small fishing boat was drifting slowly with the tide a long way out; no other vessel was in sight.

From Mrs. Wallace's directions she gathered the path did not come within view of the part of the beach where Penda and Walther would be, until after it had rounded a rock. This proved right. From the top of the cliff Pavel could see the cove below, but the path zig-zagged down on the other side of one of the spurs that formed the cove. She began the descent, continuing until she had gone down three-quarters of the way. Here she found the rock. She was not more than forty feet

above sea level. She started to crawl round the rock on her hands and knees. When the far side of the cove came in sight she lay flat and moved forward by inches.

Presently the back of Penda's head came into view; earphones were clamped over his dark hair, and she could not tell if he was standing or sitting. She worked her way forward and saw that he was sprawling on the sand supporting himself on one elbow and writing in a book. The big suitcase stood open close by. A wire ran from the suitcase to the earphones on his head, another wire was stretched out on the beach leading towards the sea. She lay flat on her chest, watching.

"Lovely view, isn't it?" a voice behind her said mockingly.

F Pavel stiffened and turned in alarm to see Walther standing behind her; he had an automatic with a funny-shaped squat barrel in his hand; his mouth was grinning, but his little black eyes were savage.

Pavel lay still. Keeping her covered, Walther leaned against the rock. "I am speaking in a whisper because I don't want to disturb Penda. I thought you would do this, that is why I stayed on the other side of this rock instead of going down to the beach. How did you come here?"

"In a car," Pavel said. "I see. You are a British Intelligence agent?"

Pavel did not answer. "I thought that was what you were," Walther stroked the barrel of his gun. "I saw you in the Metro-pole when Penda answered that advertisement; then you came out to the hotel near his farm; now you are here. I told Penda what I suspected; he would not believe me. Do not speak; he will look up if he hears your voice; his attention must not be distracted."

Below, Penda was still listening through the earphones and writing.

"Penda is a stupid fellow," Walther went on; "but I did not believe he would be so silly as to bring you here. A little mad I think—or shall we say bewitched?" the gnome jeered at her.

"Even when I told him I found you in the post office sending a telegram he would not believe me," Walther continued; "he is so vain; he tells me you came with him all the way to the West Country for Devonshire cream! He laughs when he tells me. But now—" Walther looked down; Penda was still tapping the cable. "Now he will know the truth."

Walther looked at Pavel. "You are alone, I think. Do you know how I know that? Because I read your telegram." He smiled at her astonishment. "While the postmistress counts the words I read the telegram upside down. That is easy if you have learnt how. If your people were here waiting for us you would not send a telegram. Yes, I can see in your eyes that I am right. You have no one with you." Walther looked down at the beach again. "Ah! He has finished."

Pavel saw Penda taking off his earphones. "Now we will go down and have a little talk. Get up!" Walther prodded her with the automatic. "If you call out, I will kill you."

Twenty-four hours later Pavel was in Mrs. Wallace's sitting-room in Ebury Street.

"Yes, they would have killed you," Mrs. Wallace said; "but your telegram gave us time to get men down to the beach; for, of course, we knew by then that that was where they were going."

"What were they doing on the beach?" Pavel asked.

"Tapping a cable which runs at that point under the sand to the sea."

"How can they do that?" "Very easily; it was found in the last war that a submarine could submerge by the side of an ocean cable, stretch wires alongside for several hundred feet, and so enable the telegraph operator in the submarine to read messages passing along the cable by induction. The same thing can be done on land. Am I being too technical?"

"No," Pavel said. "Of course, important messages would be in cipher." Mrs. Wallace continued; "that is where Herr Walther comes in."

"Is he a cipher expert?" "One of the best in Europe. You have made a good catch."

"What will happen to them?" Mrs. Wallace pointed to an old print over the mantelpiece. The print depicted the gates of the Tower. (Copyright)

The answer is—

1. Libya.
2. Plums.
3. He lived between 500 and 600 A.D.
4. A drug to produce coma.
5. Air Force.
6. Left.
7. Second cousins.
8. There's no such thing as Britain's Foreign Relations Committee. (It's American.)
9. The measurement and intensity of light.
10. "And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Questions on page 12.

Soldiers Soliloquy

Alone in an outpost of the desert, Captain Drake recalls memories of his life in Australia. Shadowy shapes cross his mind—fleeting visions of people and places and events. But one vivid image always remains—of the woman whose portrait he carries everywhere.

And as he feasts his eyes on it this night, he sees her again as at their first meeting. There was something unforgettable about her, something that seemed like an aura—a "spiritual fragrance," he'd called it. Long afterwards, he told her of that dazzling first impression and she admitted, laughingly, that the fragrance was not spiritual but a product of the subtle genius of man. Generations of beautiful women have safeguarded their loveliness with the Yardley preparations, just as they do to-day in every English-speaking country of the world.



The Crusaders returning from the East brought back with them many strange and exotic perfumes which came to be prized by the ladies of England. But the perfume of the lavender blossom was always a favourite, known and loved from the earliest times. Amongst the famous Cries of London was that of



the lavender sellers: "Won't you buy my sweet, blooming lavender, only twelve branches a penny!"

English-grown lavender is recognised as the finest in the world. It remained for Yardley of London to perfect the distilling of this fresh, clean fragrance and make it the favourite of gentlewomen.

Other luxurious perfumes have been created by Yardley—among them "Bond Street," "Orchid" and "Fragrance." But Yardley Lavender remains to many the perfect choice for day and evening.



Yardley Lavender Perfume, 3/3 to 22/6; Face Powder, 2/6 (normal skin), and 4/- (dry skin); Soap, 1/6; English Complexion Cream, 3/11; also Rouge Cream, Lipstick, Talc, Bath Salt, Brilliantine—a complete regimen of beauty care.

Yardley
OLD BOND STREET
*** LONDON

Yardley & Company (Fry.) Limited, Sydney—London, Paris, New York, Toronto.

He begged for her advice and help. She gave it in a way that staggered him.

WELL, she wasn't in love with her "boss," which was quite unusual for a secretary, she thought.

She sat just outside his office, a watchdog to guard him from intrusion. The buzzer beside her desk sounded. She gave her bright hair a pat, straightened her skirt and went in.

She sat down on the chair next to his. Her pencil was poised over her notebook.

"Yes," she said.

"I can't take a letter, Millie," J. W. said. "I want your help."

His face was flushed. He'd had a good lunch. It was only three in the afternoon, and usually he did not drink before six, but to-day he'd lunched with those American mag-nates.

Once one of them had said to her:

"If you ever go to the States, sister, we've always got an opening for a pretty girl like you—especially when she's a good secretary."

"Is it those men from the West?" Millie asked.

"What!" J. W. exclaimed, looking puzzled. He was a compact-looking man in his early forties. His hair was a little grey at the temples, and he wore a grey suit that was very becoming. His wife had left him and married another man, and J. W. hadn't married again.

"I thought maybe you wanted my help in avoiding them," Millie explained. "They worry you, don't they?"

"Oh, that's all settled now," he said. "You're clever, Millie. That's why I need your help. It's about Jack."

Jack was his son. Jack had come down from Cambridge in the spring, but he hadn't as yet found a job. This hadn't worried his father as much as it had Jack. "What's the difference?" J. W. had said. He'd always given Jack everything he wanted except his own time and attention. Which Jack needed more than anything else.

"What about Jack?" Millie asked.

"He's always been buried in his books. But now he's woken up and has fallen in love with a girl in a night club. I want you to get Jack interested in you, and in that way we'll get rid of this other girl."

Millie gasped. It was preposterous.

"I don't think this is a job I'd like or could do, J. W.," she said.

"Why not?" he asked. "You're prettier than she is. I've seen her. And you're more brains."

"But I'm too old!" Millie cried. "Jack would consider me an—old maid."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-eight, and Jack is twenty-two."

"You don't look more than twenty-two."

"The whole idea is distasteful, J. W. I've no right to interfere in Jack's affairs."

"You might at least meet them, size up the situation, advise me. I need a woman's help. You know I have no one—except you."

"Well—" she temporised.

"Jack's at my flat typing a treatise," he said briskly. "Get him on the telephone, will you? We'll arrange a dinner party."

Millie MacIntosh had been to J.W.'s flat before on business; but she'd never been there to a formal dinner party.

She chose a stylish white dinner dress and silver slippers. The string of gardenias, which—amazingly!—J.W. had sent her, trailed from her shoulder almost to her waist.

J.W. was alone in the library when the butler ushered her in.

"Splendid, Millie!" he said. "If Jack doesn't fall for you, I will."

But there was mockery in his voice, and Millie flushed.

"It's your idea, J.W.," she said. "Whatever happens, the consequences are on your head. Where are the others?"

"Jack's gone to fetch his little lovebird," J.W. answered.

The young people arrived soon afterwards, and for a moment J.W. sat scrutinising the girl before rising to greet her. Jack seemed happy.



For a moment Jack's father sat scrutinising the girl before rising to greet her.

Illustrated by JOHN MILLS

ROMANCE FOR THREE

A short story

By OSCAR GRAEVE

Evidently he thought the dinner party meant that his father was ready to accept his girl.

The girl wore a simple blue silk dress, with a blue ribbon in her hair, which fell in soft curls to her shoulders. Millie felt a pang when she saw how young she was. And so afraid, so anxious to please.

Only her name was unfortunate. It seemed to be Toots.

The butler suavely circulated cocktails and biscuits.

Toots refused a cocktail.

"It goes to my head," she said, and giggled.

"But I thought at the night club you had to sit with the customers and let them buy you drinks."

"They give us ginger ale or water," said Toots. "The customer doesn't know the difference. And what you don't know doesn't hurt you."

"Very true," said J.W. "Very laudable."

Jack's cheeks burned red.

"Toots only works there because she has to," he said, angrily defensive. "It's hard to get a job nowadays. Nobody knows that better than I do."

"I hope you don't decide to join Toots in a dancing act," J.W. remarked lightly.

AT the moment

Millie hated him. It wasn't worthy of him, implacable as he was, to bait them this way. She did not know as yet what she was going to do. She did know that it was entirely impossible for her to do what J.W. wanted her to do.

They went in to dinner. Millie saw it was going to be elaborate. There was a variety of forks and knives beside each plate. Millie also saw that Toots was confused by them all.

"You just begin at the outside, and with each succeeding course work your way through, Miss Riley," she said. "I had to learn, too."

Afterwards they went to the night club where Toots danced. As J.W., Jack and Millie sat at a table, Toots retired. Presently she came out, one of a dozen dancing girls. Jack's eyes had lost their shining look.

"I'll soon get her away from this," he said sturdily. "As soon as I get a job."

"It isn't so bad," said Millie. "Jack looked at her gratefully, but J.W. rone."

"I think we've had enough," he said.

"I have to stay to take her home," said Jack.

"To protect her from the vultures, I suppose," said his father.

Jack half rose. "Dad, I've had enough of that," he said.

Millie said: "Vultures feed best on intolerance, J.W."

J.W. drove her home. He was furious. He was too furious to say anything.

But at her door he said: "Et tu, Brute!"

"What did you expect?" Millie asked. "They're terribly decent and above-board about it. No one should interfere."

He left her without a good-night.

Millie had lunch with Toots the next day. She had arranged that shortly after dinner when the two of them were alone together for a few minutes.

They had luncheon in a quiet little restaurant at half-past twelve. Toots looked sleepy.

"What time do you get away from the club?" Millie asked.

"Three. Sometimes later."

"Do you like it there?"

"I never minded it until—until Jack came along. Now, sometimes, there's a look in his eyes that makes me wonder—"

"Will you give up the club if—when you and Jack are married?"

"I'll do anything he wants," Toots said.

"Do you really love him, Toots?"

"Oh, yes!" said Toots, with a long-drawn breath. "I never met anyone like Jack before. His father doesn't approve of me. We don't expect anything from him. We've talked things over and decided we can get along on very little. I'm a pretty good cook, Miss MacIntosh. I know how to make a little money go a long way."

"Can Jack do stenography and typing?" Millie asked suddenly.

"Yes," Toots said. "When he came down from Cambridge he couldn't get a job, so he took a course in secretarial work because he thought it might come in useful."

"Is he any good at it?"

"Of course he is!" said Toots indignantly, and then she laughed. "But I would say that, anyway."

"Would you go anywhere with him, Toots?"

"I'd go to the end of the world with him! All the way—any time."

"That's the right answer, my dear," Millie felt very old, very wise. "I think you and Jack should be married as soon as possible, otherwise you may never be married. You don't think anything could come between you and your love, but—sometimes obstacles can be arranged if the person who objects is strong enough, powerful enough."

"I have a plan in mind, but I don't know yet whether it can be arranged. It takes a bit of skulduggery," Millie realised with a sudden qualm that this was a word, one of a thousand things, she had learned from J. W.

"You and Jack had better meet me at half-past five this afternoon. Let's meet here for a cocktail, shall we? Oh, I forgot! You don't drink cocktails."

"I'd drink a cocktail with you," said Toots. "I didn't take one last night because I was scared of Mr. Wilcoxson. I thought perhaps he'd make me take too many, to make me silly."

"You're not only a pretty child," said Millie, "but you're a wise one."

"Do you think I can make myself good enough for Jack?" Toots asked. "If I study, if I work awfully hard?"

"I'm sure of it," said Millie.

BACK at the

office, Millie phoned the American magnate, Jackson Meade, at his hotel.

"This is Miss MacIntosh," she said. "J.W.'s secretary. Is that job in the States still open?"

She heard him chuckle.

"Had a change of heart, eh? Yes, it is."

"I don't want it for myself, Mr. Meade. I want it for a young man."

"Sa—ay—" he began.

"It's J.W.'s son," she explained hastily. "He's an engineer, but he's willing to start as a secretary. He's had the training."

"Well, anything to oblige J. W. We owe him a lot," said Jackson Meade doubtfully.

"I'll send Jack Wilcoxson to see you in the morning," said Millie.

A week later Millie sat at her desk outside J. W.'s office when the buzzer sounded. An eventful week. Jack had got the job in New York. Secretarial work at first; a chance to do engineering later. Jack and Toots had been married. Radiant, they had departed.

Millie, with tears in her eyes and a choked feeling in her throat, had waved them off. She didn't know how much J. W. knew of her part in the affair, but she was ready to tell him now.

Millie gave her bright hair a pat, straightened her skirt and went into J. W.'s office.

"Close the door, please," he said.

So he knew.

Well, she was prepared. She closed the door and calmly walked to his desk; sat down beside him, her notebook open, her pencil poised.

But then she said: "Before we go ahead, J. W., I want to tell you I'm resigning. I'm leaving a week from to-day. Under the circumstances, I thought you wouldn't want any longer notice. You know, don't you?"

"Of course I know you got Jack that job. Jackson Meade came to my home to see me about it."

This was a surprise to Millie.

"Why didn't you try to stop it?"

"I know when I'm beaten. When someone you trust betrays you, you feel sort of licked."

Millie was terribly afraid she'd cry.

"J. W.," she said quickly, "to me, Toots seemed like myself—so ready for happiness, for love, so eager to spread her wings—and I didn't want to see her defeated by you, J. W. Nor Jack, either. I'm glad I helped them. I'll never regret it. But I realise I've been disloyal to you; that's why I'm resigning."

"You think I'm hard and selfish, don't you?"

"Yes, I do, I do!" she said. "I know you are, and I know you better than anybody else in the world knows you."

"Will you marry me, then?" he asked.

Once more he was preposterous. Once more she gasped.

"Don't be a fool!" he said harshly. "Don't you know I admire you, I adore you, for what you've done?"

She half rose from the chair. He rose, too.

He had her in his arms, close against his hard, strong body. His lips pressed almost angrily against hers. She hated him. She had never been so happy in her life.

(Copyright)

An Editorial

MARCH 1, 1941

A. R. P. AND THE HOUSEWIFE



THE women of Australia know how to do their job if there is any threat to our security. During the past weeks their morale was pretty severely tested, but they came through with flying colors.

Despite the gravity of the news there was no panic. Australian women made it abundantly clear that there would be no panic whatever the circumstances.

Like the women of Britain they are determined to see things through, to keep the home front intact.

But they do seek direction. They want the Government to tell them just what to do in case of attack.

In the past few days readers have asked us, "Should I tape my windows against splintering? How shall I deal with incendiary bombs? Is there any reason why I should get blackout curtains? What A.R.P. drill should I attend?"

Every mother is concerned for the safety of her children. She wants to know if she will be given sufficient notice of the possibility of actual attack to get her children to safety. If so, what should she be doing about it?

Over-confidence is worse than over-anxiety. Women are right in wanting to know these things.

Just as business firms are being asked about basement accommodation and the appointment of wardens and lookouts, women expect their household resources and energies to be organised against the same dangers.

One of the first duties of the Government, if crisis develops, should be to issue some sort of instruction to the woman in the home.

She must be both forewarned and forearmed against all the possibilities.

—THE EDITOR.

Letters from our Boys

THOSE "little bits" you read to friends from letters of husband, son or sweetheart in the fighting forces will interest and comfort other Australians through this page.

The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies or extracts from letters. A payment of 2/6 will be made for each extract published. Contributors should state if they wish their own names or the letter-writers' names to be published.

Signaller George Denecker to his mother in Gourlay St., E. St. Kilda, Vic.:

"THE other day we were digging outside our tent, and we came across some old ruins of a house, so we have been doing a little excavating in our spare time.

"So far we have dug up one room with some sort of cement floor and a couple of baths.

"We think it goes back to the time when the Roman Empire included Egypt.

"We all thought it was some old tomb, and all the boys were saying what they were going to buy with the proceeds of all the jewels if we found any, but, of course, there was nothing there."

Corporal A. J. Russel to a friend in Drummoyne, N.S.W.:

"I WENT to Scotland and had a great time. On the way up I missed the train at Doncaster by going outside the station to find something to eat.

"However, I arrived at Edinburgh and spent two days at this pretty city. High up above the town is Edinburgh Castle. It is built on solid rock and must have been a hard nut to crack in the olden times.

"Inside are the war memorial chapels dedicated to all Scots and in another chapel are the Crown Jewels.

"From here I went to Glasgow and then on to Gourock, where I stayed with some Scottish people who have been very good to me.

"Glasgow is a great place and our chaps certainly have been given a good time."

L. A. C. Graham Parker, with the R.A.A.F. in Rhodesia, to his father at Nedgera, Coonamble, N.S.W.:

"THERE is only one thought over here—more war effort. Practically every white man is in uniform either for home defence or overseas.

"And Rhodesia is more marvellous still. I wish some of our so-called 'enthusiasts' in Australia could see what these people are doing—they'd be downright ashamed.

"Every single person in the town seems to take a personal interest in the war effort. We are getting tons of leave and ample opportunity for seeing the town. They have a services club, where meals and amusement are practically free and one can spend a good evening. There are three picture shows and a good bathing pool. As everywhere in Africa, the people can't do enough for us.

"Some of our lads went to Victoria Falls over the week-end and some have even been game-hunting.

"This evening I am being driven up to Matopos, about 30 miles from here, to see their famous sunset.

"The Air Force station here is very well laid out and has good messing and living quarters. The drome itself is huge. We are in a hut with some South Africans and some Rhodesians."

Winnie the War Winner



"It doesn't seem right to me."

Gunner Bill Stretton to Miss Joyce Murray, Hawleigh Avenue, East St. Kilda S2, Vic.:

"I HAD a look at Salisbury Cathedral, Old Sarum Castle and Stonehenge.

"Each succeeding sight seemed to be a little older than the one before—Salisbury Cathedral was commenced in 1220 A.D., Old Sarum Castle was repaired during the reign of Alfred the Great, and Stonehenge was built about 2000 B.C.

"The cathedral and Stonehenge have interesting histories, but personally I thought the most interesting part of the afternoon was the sight of our troops doing a 'snake-dance' in Stonehenge, to the accompaniment of a fuzzy-wuzzy tom-tom (a genuine article), a trombone, a saxophone, an accordion, and a guitar.

"It seemed fitting and incongruous at the same time—at least to me. Heaven only knows what the local Englishmen thought of it! The guide, at any rate, disapproved—he thought it a sacrilege, to say the least."

Private Cameron of the A.I.F. to a girl friend in Randwick, N.S.W.:

"I ARRIVED in Egypt a few days ago, and when we had been settled in our new quarters I received three letters from you. They were some of the missing mail that we had given up as sunk.

"All the boys are very excited, and the conversation at present is about romance and so forth, and if my guess is correct there will be a very heated argument about it before long.

"On New Year's Eve I spent my first night in the desert and, strange as it may sound, I was nearly frozen."

A lieutenant in England to his mother in Magill, S.A.:

"WE were honored by another visit from H.M. King George.

"For obvious reasons in these days his visit had to be kept secret.

"So that when we informed the troops that they were to be inspected by a Field-Marshal (which, of course, was quite true) there was much moaning and grizzling, as they naturally did not look forward with any eagerness to the prospect of having to stand about in the cold and wet for an hour or so.

"However, when the King arrived and they saw who their distinguished visitor really was, they were thrilled to pieces and put up a good show. Despite the fact that we were all shivering in the cold everybody stood rock steady.

"When the official party were inspecting my wing, one of my officers heard one of the English Generals remark, 'Bai Jove! Aren't they a splendid lot of chaps, eh, Colonel?'"

A soldier in the Middle East to his wife in Brisbane:

"I CAME in contact with some Italian prisoners and I got a few souvenirs from them which I will send at a later date.

"The prisoners were in a terrible condition. Some had no boots at all and others had the heels cut out of theirs. Their overcoats were tied up with string, and they looked as bad as any hobo one could see back home.

"We chaps were kept going rolling cigarettes for them, and they seemed pretty grateful, although I suppose we were darn fools, as the cows a week ago or so were machine-gunning our pilots while they were parachuting to earth after their planes had been shot down."

Corporal Fred Turner in England, formerly of Warwick, Qld., to a friend at the Hermitage, Warwick, Qld.:

"WHEN war was declared I had to join up at once, as I had already done the St. John Ambulance training at the Queen Alexandra Military Hospital.

"At that time we expected to go to Poland. Now I am a corporal on a hospital train and have travelled all over England with wounded.

"I was with our train at Dover during Dunkirk, and at Plymouth when the Lancastria went down.

"For a month prior to and during the Dunkirk evacuation our unit had a very strenuous time. Now things are much quieter, and I have had seven days' home leave."

Cook A. Arthur, with the artillery abroad, to his wife at Lower North Rd., Dry Creek, S.A.:

"THESE were our menus for Christmas:—Breakfast: Grapefruit, cottage pie, household bread, jam, and tea.

Dinner: Minestrone, sliced turkey, loin of pork, boiled jacket potatoes, cabbage, Christmas pudding and cream, fresh fruit, nuts, butter, bread, and tea.

Tea: Pork and beans on fried bread, boiled jacket potatoes, preserved fruit, Christmas cake, fresh fruit, nuts, chocolate, bread and butter, tea."



GINGER's taken to jingle...with the poets he'd mingle

Here's his story in verse . . . it's quite bright and—well, terse

By GINGER, unassisted by Mal Verec

Hello, hello, hello, hello.

Guess who's here . . . I bet you know.

That's not the best of my work, but it just goes to show you how poetry has crept into my sole.

MAL'S been tightening up on those little loans lately, so I'm going to make a bit on the side by selling my poetry.

Now don't think I want to knock pokes like Tennyson, because I never belittle a competitor, but Tennyson is not half as popular as me. Just think. How many times have you seen Tennyson at the pictures or on the beach?

Mal says pokes let their hair grow long. Not for little me. No sir! Look what happened to Samson, and with all these girls about a poke can never tell.

As a matter of fact, ink runs in my veins. (The family is a blue-blinded one). Take my Uncle Joe. No, you can't take him; the police have taken him already.

Anyway, Uncle Joe was a brilliant author—brilliant, but modest. That was Uncle Joe all over. He was that modest he even signed another man's name to his work. That was all right till he signed another man's name to his cheque. That was when the police took him.

But back to my poetry. We pokes have to have a very strong imagination—to imagine that anyone would want to read our pomes.

Then there's inspiration. It comes at all sorts of odd times, and I always keep some white chalk in

my pocket to jot down notes on my shirt cuff.

And that reminds me. I found a lovely little sonnet of mine on Mal's other evening shirt only yesterday. Here it is:

Ding Dong Bell,

Pussy's in the well.

I would have liked to pull her out
But she scratched me on the snout.

That's what I call powerful poetry. Of course, humorous verse comes easily to me, too. I like to put fire into my work, although Mal says I should put my work into the fire.

But I certainly CAN rite humorous stuff. Mal read one of my funny bits the other nite, and then threw it into the fire. Gosh, it was a beauty. When Mal cast it to the flames, they simply ROARED.

Here's another of my pomes. I writ it in a dentist's chare. It's a scream. Here it goes:

I wish I was a little egg

Away up in a tree,

Sitting in my little nest

As added as could be.

I wish that you would come along

And stand beneath that tree,

Then I would up and squash

meself

And smother you with me.

Effective, don't you think?

My advise to young pokes is not

to despair at delay. It takes a while

to get as well known as blokes like

Kipling.



Ginger types off a few stanzas in an appropriate setting.

It's wot I call the futuristick type of poetry . . .

With a nervous cough and a terrible wheeze

The bather plunged in up to his ankles . . .

If you reckon that doesn't rhyme, you wait till the tide comes in!



Of course, there's not much difference between Kipling and me, though. He sold one pome for a hundred pounds, and I've sold a hundred pomes for one pound.

I well remember the time when I first started writing for a living. I sold two little things the first week—my brother Luke's overcoat and my watch.

You know that distinguished-looking stranger round the city now—the one with the black felt hat and the opera cloke. It isn't the Phantom of the Opera—it's me. I like to dress the poke part. It lends me atmosphere—I can't get a lend of anything else these days.

I was standing on a corner the other nite watching the passing show, and these wimsickle lines flashed through my brain

Little Jack Horner stood on a corner

Watching the girls go by—

He lifted his lid to a smart little kid—

And collected a sock in the eye.

Graphic . . . utilitarian

YES, we certainly learn our craft from the light of experience. Of course, poetry is a wonderful thing to have in your sole. I've got six pomes in the sole of my left shoe—it keeps the water out beautifully.

I can't imagine anything better than sitting in front of a fire on a winter's night with an epic pome about a beautiful heroine on my knee. Unless it's sitting with the heroine on my knee!

Jakdrivi khuh. Excuse that mess. Me fingers were trembling with excitement. I've arrived. The Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly has accepted one of my works. I'll let you see it—

The Bells were ringing—

The bells were ringing—

The bells were ringing Wet.

Graphic, isn't it?

One of my fans has sent me an unusual request. He says: Dear Ginger, please will you print "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

Well, my private life is really my own, but I'll do anything for a customer, so here's the "Charge of the Light Brigade"—

Dr. to Electricity Commission for Months of November, December, January, February . . . £5/16/-. Unless this is paid within three days . . .

Now, here's one little pome of mine to cheer you on your way.



Beautiful!

The New Ivory-White Moulded Container for

Gibbs Dentifrice
IN THE 1/6 SIZE

Good news for housewives who watch the pennies! Your favourite dentifrice now in an elegant, long-lasting container. Now—instead of paying 1/6 every time you need dentifrice you buy a 1/3 refill only and slip it into the new moulded container—a clear saving of 3d, whenever you make a purchase!

Large Moulded Container, 1/6. Large Refills, 1/3

Gibbs saves your money as well as teeth

But apart from this important saving, tests show that the large 1/6 size lasts the average person 210 days—weeks longer than any other dentifrice! It's a sure protection against decay. At all chemists and stores.

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Save 3d every time

TO HAVE SKIN THAT'S SWEET... APPEALING... JUST USE **LUX SOAP** FOR A LUXURIOUS DAILY BEAUTY BATH. YOU'LL LOVE THE WAY THE LATHER CLEANSSES—SO GENTLY AND THOROUGHLY. AND YOU'LL LOVE THE DELICATE CLINGING FRAGRANCE.

Actual Statement By
Carole Lombard
R.K.O. Radio Star in "Mr. and Mrs. Smith"

THIS IS WONDERFUL! I FEEL JUST LIKE A FAMOUS FILM STAR IN MY **LUX TOILET SOAP** BEAUTY BATH. AND THIS LOVELY SOAP REALLY COSTS ME LESS TO USE BECAUSE IT LASTS SO LONG

LUX TOILET SOAP is Supercreamed—
A special skin cream is blended into each tablet. You actually cream as you wash.

LUX TOILET SOAP

A LEVER PRODUCT

Edited by Mrs. MARY HOLIDAY

and a staff of experts, for the benefit of all Women's Weekly readers—especially those who use Persil.

Over the Garden Fence

Mrs. Mary Holiday is the famous English washing authority whose friendly advice in the radio show "Today's Children" has won the hearts of thousands. The makers of Persil hope you will enjoy this regular feature too—and will always use Persil.



5/- if we print your hint • See below

What's your most useful washday tip? Send it to Mrs. Holiday. If suitable we will be pleased to pay you 5/- on publication.

As part of our policy of service to Persil users we invite you to write to Mrs. Holiday, P.O. Box 773 H, Melbourne, about any matter connected with washing. She will reply personally—by mail or through this page.

This week's special washing tip

Clothes that BLOOM in the shade



HERE'S a good example of the way a lovely flowered linen can be ruined. . . . A housewife was telling me about a newly washed summer frock that had dried much paler in colour.

"What I can't understand, Mrs. Holiday," she went on, "is that before I hung it to dry I was actually congratulating myself on how beautifully it had washed."

Well, there was no doubt about it, the sun had got at that dress while it was hanging—still damp—on her line. And

though sunshine is the best thing in the world for white linens, it certainly does drink the colour from a patterned dress.

How to prevent colours fading

On no account should coloured clothes be left in a damp huddle—or even colour that does not run in the wash may easily blur. Always turn your dress inside out, and hang immediately in a shady place.

Most important of all—squeeze out as much moisture as possible. If you fail to do this, colours which are not fast may run, or dry streaky.

And here's another thing which everyone ought to remember. Never allow two wet surfaces of printed or patterned materials to touch. Put a towel or some soft white paper between them and if the colour is inclined to run, dry flat. And, of course, keep your white silks and woolsens out of the sun or you'll have them turn yellow in no time!

Incidentally, if you have any doubts about the fastness of a colour, it is a good idea to "set" it before washing. Soak the garments for about a quarter of an hour in a solution of salt and cold water (one breakfast cupful to every gallon). Move them about from time to time. Then lift them into your suds—draining out only a little of the salt water. And, of course, wash only in cool Persil suds.

Plenty of Suds

As Persil is an oxygen washer it is not only gentle but very thorough—so that you hardly ever need to rub the fabric and risk spoiling it. But to get out every trace of dirt so that the colours come up clear and definite, do be sure to use sufficient Persil (1 heaped tablespoonful to every gallon of water). Though a product may do a good job however you use it—for the best results it is important to read and follow the maker's directions, no matter whether you're using a patent potato peeler or a washing powder.

EXCLUSIVE

Mary Holiday

PATTERN SERVICE

2/6 PATTERNS FOR 6d.



Pattern K in bust sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38 ins. Size 34 only. 24 yds. of 36 in. material, 34 yds. lace, Sauter 1 yd. of 36 in. material, 2 yds. lace.

TAILORED UNDIES.

The perfect basic pattern for shapely, smooth-fitting undies. Slip with cleverly designed slenderising panels. . . . Even a beginner can easily follow Mary Holiday Patterns, which include an illustrated step-by-step sewing guide, cutting-out chart and washing instructions. You can obtain these beautiful overseas patterns, usually 2/- to 3/-, by sending 8d. in stamps (6d. for pattern, 2d. for postage, etc.). Fill in the coupon.

MARY HOLIDAY PATTERN "K" TAILORED UNDIES.

To "Patterns," P.O. Box 495H, MELBOURNE. Enclosed find 8d. in stamps. Please send pattern "K." (This is the only address from which this pattern can be obtained.)

Size (32, 34, 36 or 38 in. bust) _____

Name _____

Address _____

PERVERSE PERCY



MRS. Holiday asked Percy to illustrate "Bringing the Whites Slowly to the Boil." This is what he did.

CAN YOU DO INVISIBLE MENDING?

It's a model wife who can put an invisible mend in her husband's trousers when the dear man drops his cigarette end or gets one of those three-cornered tears on a tack or nail. The secret lies in getting the thread to darn with from the actual material of the suit. If you're careful you can draw quite long threads gently from inside the seams. Darn very neatly and press well and you'll achieve near-professional results, as long as the material hasn't a very complicated pattern.

Remember this tip for your own skirts, too, and the kiddies' good clothes!

THESE READERS WIN 5/- EACH FOR THEIR WASHDAY HINTS

Mrs. Leslie Smith
Matlock
Wellington Point
Queensland

When ironing, stand on a thick mat—or anything else folded several times. I use a rubber kneeling pad myself, which is best of all—but even a sack folded several times will serve the purpose. You will not be nearly so tired.

Mrs. P. C. Smithers
224 Clovelly Rd.
Randwick, N.S.W.

When boiling clothes in a copper, always put the closed ends of the pillowslips in first so that the air can come out of the open ends as they are poked under. Sheets should be put in centre first and poked under, gradually working the ends in.

Mrs. T. Rose
105 Cambridge St.
Stammore, N.S.W.

Before washing a frock or sash which is cut on the cross and doubled, run a tacking thread round and they will iron into perfect shape.



IN SHORTS OR SLACKS?

Or perhaps I should add—in a flowing beach gown, for not everyone can look their most impressive best in shorts or slacks.

If you're very tall and willowy of figure—you'll be wise to put shorts out of mind—they make legs look longer and thinner than ever. For you, I'd choose well-tailored slacks—with a jacket in contrasting colour to make your height not so apparent.

If you're shortish and of more than average build, I'd advise neither shorts nor slacks—both accentuate hips and detract from height. This figure needs a graceful, full-length beach gown—with a large hat of the same material to add inches to you. Though vivid colours look loveliest against sea and sand, this type should remember that the darker, quieter shades are slenderising—especially if the design be a vertical one.

But for all this, the majority of young folk can wear shorts or slacks and look like good news from Hollywood! Especially if they keep them well-pressed and beautifully laundered.

Keeping the Crease in the Right Place

As I expect you know, the water must be almost cold for multi-coloured materials—tepid for flannels. Luckily, Persil works just as well at any temperature.

And give white cotton and linen shorts and slacks a boil in Persil now and again to keep them a good colour.

If you find it a little difficult to get the crease back in the right place when ironing, try this: Before washing, stitch guide marks at the waistline and inside the hem at knee or ankle (according to whether they are shorts or slacks). When you come to press in the crease, just take one mark in one hand, one in the other, and fold. Simple—but very effective.

With cottons and linens the crease can be pressed in by ironing straight on to the material. But do be sure to press artificial silks, flannels and serges under a pressing cloth, otherwise the fabric will become shiny.

HOW LUCKY IS YOUR HUSBAND?

Men have gone into a huddle to produce these leading questions for their wives. Give yourself marks according to your answers: No. = 5; Well, hardly ever = 3; Yes = 0.

1. Do you get piqued if he forgets his affectionate good-bye when obviously preoccupied with affairs of the day?
2. Are you always phoning him about little things that could be saved till later?
3. Do you expect him to listen patiently to every petty household worry?
4. Do you take all his little kindnesses for granted and omit to show your appreciation?
5. Are you making less effort to be gay and attractive than before he married you?
6. Do you fail to keep within your budget, expecting him to subsidise you every Wednesday night?
7. Do you expect him to be as interested in shop window gazing as you are?
8. Do you make washday an excuse for being nervous and irritable and serving a scrappy meal?
9. Do you make it obvious that your own relations and friends are more important than his?

10. When he unexpectedly brings home three pals to a meal, do you get in a mess—and shove it?
11. Do you discuss his faults in front of others and take offence if he dares do the same about you?
12. Do you embarrass him by being over-possessive, jealous or maternal when you're not alone?
13. Do you get piqued if he's charming to another woman—even if it is only a business associate?
14. When on the losing side in an argument, do you pass it off by cooing in an injured tone, "Oh, have it your own way, dear?"

Now for the score. The best is 70, the worst 0. If you scored between 70 and 85—you're one of the few really perfect wives. Between 55 and 40—you're an average partner. Between 40 and 20—hmm, not so good. Between 20 and 0—we didn't know any man could be so long-suffering!

She thought her frock was white . . .



till she used a PERSIL-WASHED serviette

Quite apart from the whiteness and sweetness of your clothes—it's so easy, so quick to do your wash with Persil. And that goes for flimsy silks and summer frocks no less than linens!

Those millions of tiny oxygen bubbles, like fairy hands, surge suds through and through the weave—easing out the dirt, the stains and grease. And when you use kindness instead of hard rubbing, of course your things last longer!



PERSIL THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER

J. KITCHEN & SONS, PTY. LTD.

P. 56-40



"Are you a baked jam tart or steamed suet pudding?"

HE who laughs LASTS



"That girl over there has such a sad face; I wonder why?"
"Probably because it's her face."



CANNIBAL PRINCE: Am I late for dinner?
CANNIBAL KING: Yes, everybody's eaten.

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"Mopsy, you're the most beautiful girl in the world."
"Why, darling, how quick you are at noticing things!"

*Invitation
to Happiness*

STEEL GUITAR

OR THE

- * BANJO MANDOLIN
- * PIANO ACCORDION
- * SPANISH GUITAR
- * MOUTH ORGAN
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Enjoy that foot-tingling rhythm — those popular melodies. The latest jazz and Screen Hits.

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LEARN IN
The Comfort of
YOUR OWN HOME

For **2/6** Weekly

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"I LEFT my last place because I was told to do something I didn't like."
"Really! What was that?"
"Look for another job."

"HURRAY! They've just caught the world's biggest hotel thief."
"What hotel did he run?"

"AREN'T you extravagant having two hats to match one frock?"
"No, I think I'm economical having one frock to match two hats."

"FATHER says, will you lend him your gardening tools, Mr. Smith?"
"Haven't you forgotten something, my boy?"

"Oh, yes, Dad said: 'If the old blighter refuses, try next door.'"

"DO you mean to say that when you heard a noise you got out of bed, turned on the light, and went to the head of the stairs—that a burglar was at the foot of the stairs and you did not see him? Are you blind?"
"No, but my wife was in front of me."

DURING his first tour of the office the new chief was stopped by an old clerk.

"Do you know," he said, "I have been with this firm for 40 years, and during all that time I have made only one mistake?"

"I congratulate you," said the new chief, "but in future please be more careful!"

SUB-DEBUTANTE SAYS:

THE GIRLS WITH LOVELY
SKINS HAVE ALL THE
FUN! I THANK MY
LUCKY STARS FOR
REXONA!



REXONA
is more than a beauty
soap—it's a

*Complete Skin
Treatment*

Obstinate skin troubles need the wonderful combination treatment of Rexona Soap and Ointment together. Even long-standing blemishes disappear, leaving the skin beautifully smooth.

TREATMENT: Wash frequently with Rexona Soap. At night smear a little Rexona Ointment on the affected parts.

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

Girls in their teens especially need Rexona Soap to keep their skin healthy and attractive. The purifying Rexona lather gets to the very source of skin faults, clears up blemishes and leaves even lovely skin much clearer and lovelier. Rexona alone contains Cady, a special compound of mild and healing medications.



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per Tablet
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X.S. 174



Sophisticated Lady?

Only a true long-lasting perspiration check will satisfy your standards of perfect grooming. Because Liquid Odorono gives such fastidious protection at all times, it has been for 25 years the choice of discriminating women in all countries. Liquid Odorono is not quicker, but it is surer. It comes in two strengths, Regular and Instant.

ODO-RO-NO

2/1, 2/1
and 3/4



ARE YOU APPROACHING Middle Age?



With the approach of middle age the body undergoes many changes. Kidney Troubles make their appearance, aches and pains seem to come from nowhere. If this is happening in your case don't just say "I am getting old" and let it go at that. DO something about it and you'll find that there are many years of happy, youthful life ahead of you. Most successful remedy for "Wah" aching back, joint and limb pains Rheumatic infection, Kidney Troubles and similar "middle age" complaints is undoubtedly Harrison's Pills. This famous London Doctor's prescription succeeds after where all other remedies have failed. Sold under an iron-clad money-back guarantee of relief from the first bottle or purchase price refunded. Obtainable everywhere, 2/-, 3/-, 6/-, or direct from Amalgamated Labs., Victoria House, Pitt St., Sydney.

HARRISON'S PILLS
Remove the Cause!

QUICK RELIEF Neuralgia

Aches and pains GO in a matter of minutes when you take Cream of Yeast. These handy-sized tablets, taken with a glass of water, act on the system faster than anything else you may have tried, relieving nerve and muscular pains. Containing certain proven medicinal agents plus the active health-giving properties of live yeast, they tone up the whole system, purify the blood, give you new pep and vitality. Fully guaranteed.

CREAM OF YEAST
Sold everywhere, 1/3, 2/-, 3/6, and 8/6.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★★ THIRD FINGER, LEFT HAND

(Week's Best Release.)

Myrna Loy, Melvyn Douglas. (MGM.)

THIS sophisticated farce gives you Myrna Loy and Melvyn Douglas in their most lighthearted mood.

Myrna is in danger of losing her new job as magazine editor through the jealous wife of her susceptible boss.

As a means of protection, Myrna invents a husband. Then she meets artist Melvyn Douglas, and the pair fall in love.

Hurt by the discovery of her "marriage," later learning her secret, Douglas in revenge moves into her house and poses as her husband. Myrna is indignant—but helpless.

With its racy situations and dialogue, the entertainment is in the same vein as Myrna's "Thin Man" series. Both Myrna and Douglas are well versed in this light type of adult fare, and it was a good idea to combine the pair.—St. James; showing.

★★ THE CASE OF THE FRIGHTENED LADY

Marius Goring, Penelope Dudley Ward. (British.)

THIS is the second film of the Edgar Wallace mystery thriller. It's made in England, and played by an excellent cast of British players.

Its story deals with a series of mysterious murders which take place at Mark's Priory, the seat of the Leblanc family.

Scotland Yard is called in. Suspicion falls on everybody. But I won't give the denouement away because that is a real surprise.

Marius Goring, who was the Nazi in "Pastor Hall," plays young Lord Leblanc. Gracious Helen Hayes has

the role of the stern Dowager Lady Leblanc, while Penelope Dudley Ward is the lovely, frightened lady of the title.

The British can usually be relied upon to turn out a really exciting thriller. In this one you'll really find it hard to pick the real culprit—unless you saw the previous film. It's a pity that Scotland Yard is made to appear so inefficient.—Embassy; showing.

★ THE LEATHER-PUSHERS

Richard Arlen, Andy Devine. (Universal.)

LATEST in the Richard Arlen-Andy Devine adventure series, "The Leather-Pushers," puts the pair into a new field—prizefighting. There are plenty of fight and comedy scenes. A highlight of the film is provided by a couple of punch-drunk boxers.

This is different from the usual outdoor adventure that has usually been the lot of Arlen and Devine as a team. It has more humor than earlier films of the series. Astrid Allwyn and Arlen are an attractive, romantic pair.—Capitol; showing.

★ BOWERY BOY

Louise Campbell, Jimmy Lydon. (Republic.)

IT'S another tale of New York's East Side, about a boy of the streets who at last gets an opportunity to make good.

Most of the action takes place on an East Side health clinic run by an earnest young doctor (Dennis O'Keefe) and his attractive nurse (Louise Campbell).

Talented Jimmy Lydon, of "Tom Brown's Schooldays," plays the title role.

There's nothing very original to the plot or situations, but the players are well cast. Edward Gargan, Paul Hurst, Roger Pryor add the menace.—Capitol; showing.

Here's hot news from all the studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London

GEORGE FORMBY, the popular English comedian, is expecting to be called up for the army any day. He is 37 years old.

Last year Formby paid £45,000 in income tax. His earnings in the army will be 2/6 a day.

At present he pays £800 in taxes out of every £1000 he receives from stage, film, radio, and phonograph engagements.

LUISE RAINER, twice winner of the Academy Award, cannot get a job here. She is now anxious to join David Rose in London, where he will produce a few pictures.

Mr. Rose has cabled Luise that he may cast her in "Hatter's Castle."

GARBO will remain in New York for another month, since preparatory work on her next picture, as yet untitled, has been suspended. The famous playwright, S.N. Behrman (of "No Time For Comedy") will do the screen play, but he cannot get to Hollywood until the beginning of April.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND is interested in Burgess Meredith, who until recently was devoted to Mariette Dietrich.

HARPO MARKS will have his harp solo in the new Marx Bros. picture, "Go West," but he'll perform on a most unusual harp.

Harpo is shown talking to an Indian chief who is seated at a loom weaving a rug. Harpo accidentally touches the loom, producing a harp-like note. Then he starts strumming away on the strings of the loom, playing "Land of the Sky Blue Waters." The weaving loom is an ingeniously camouflaged harp, specially built for the scene by studio craftsmen.

BETTY GRABLE has been going out with Robert Stack.

GINGER ROGERS is taking a vacation in New York. She wants to see all the plays there.

MYRNA LOY is keeping to herself. She hasn't been out to a party or a dance since her divorce.

DESI ARNAZ and his bride, Lucille Ball, have ceased squabbling, and are happily preparing for a trip to Florida. Desi will appear as an entertainer in a Miami night club.

NORMA SHEARER is turning over the earnings on her weekly broadcasts to "Bundles for Britain."

SCREEN ODDITIES

By CHARLES BRUNO

APPROPRIATE CASTING -

THE ROLE OF THE PSALM SINGING PASTOR IN "THE SOUTHERNER" IS PLAYED BY JOHN HYMS!

DR. EDGAR BUCHANAN, WHOSE INITIAL FILM ROLE (JUDGE BOGARDUS IN "ARIZONA") HAS BROUGHT HIM OVERNIGHT FAME, IS ALLOWED TO LEAVE THE SET PROMPTLY AT 5 P.M. TO MAINTAIN HIS DENTISTRY PRACTICE EVENINGS!

OF 650 APPLICANTS FOR "PERFECT CHORUS GIRLS" ROLES IN "ZIEGFELD GIRL" ONLY 6 HAVE COME UP TO SPECIFICATIONS AND 12 ARE NEEDED!

MAYBE WE CAN USE MURPHY!

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

★ CROOK'S TOUR

Basil Radford, Naunton Wayne. (British.)

BASIL RADFORD and Naunton Wayne, the amusing English tourists of "The Lady Vanishes" and "Night Train to Munich," are the stars of this thriller-farce.

Radford and Wayne are on holiday in Bagdad, where they are mistaken for German agents and handed a gramophone record. Unknown to them, the record contains vital information for Britain's enemies.

Playing an important part in their adventures is Greta Gynt, as a cabaret dancer with whom Wayne falls in love.

The comedy predominates, but there is a good deal of excitement as well. Basil Radford and Wayne give their familiar burlesque portrayals; Greta Gynt is a vivacious blonde who wears some dashing dance frocks.—Embassy; showing.

Shows Still Running

★★★ The Great Dictator. Charlie Chaplin in superb satire on Hitler. Plaza, 10th week.

★★★ 40,000 Horsemen. Grant Taylor, Betty Bryant in magnificent Australian adventure of the Light Horse. Mayfair, 9th week.

★★★ Arise, My Love. Claudette Colbert, Ray Milland in fascinating comedy romance. Prince Edward, 5th week.

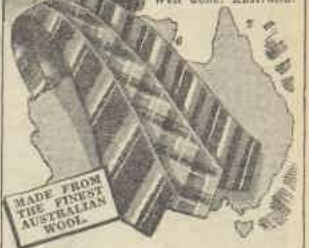
★★★ The Letter. Bette Davis in tense drama. Century, 3rd week.

★★ Pride and Prejudice. Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier in sparkling comedy. Liberty, 8th week.

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The Movie World

March 1, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

21

Portrait of a Rebel

From BARBARA BOURCHIER,
in Hollywood

AT Warners they're expecting Ann Sheridan to walk in any day now and ask for her job back.

It's nearly four months since the redhead left the studio in a huff because she was refused an increase in salary.

Ann cooled off aboard George Brent's yacht, South Wind. George happened to be "idle" between pictures, so the pair went off on a cruise with a party of friends.

But George is back at Warners now, working on "The Great Lie" with Bette Davis.

The studio knows that Ann isn't one to sit at home biting her fingernails and thinking over her grievances. This girl really enjoys her work, and she has too much common sense to stay away from the screen for long.

Ann Sheridan likes people, crowds, gaiety, and conversation. She wants friends about her all the time.

If the only road to effective movie stardom were the lonely road, Ann would deliberately make a detour. She would rather have friends than first billing.



MUCH of her time, some of her money, and most of her energy are spent with crowds. If she ever finds herself alone at home she goes out immediately.

At her invitation a schoolgirl friend from Texas has come to live with her in her North Hollywood house, and her big living-room there is usually full of guests.

Ann's financial affairs are the despair of her business manager—she just can't keep track of her money.

But although she is generous to a fault with others, there is nothing extravagant about her own wardrobe.

A keen sportsgirl—she loves tennis and sailing—she spends a good part of her time in slacks and playsuits. For all other daytime occasions she prefers the little black frock—which, incidentally, shows off admirably her flaming red hair and creamy complexion.

ONLY in the evening does Ann "go Hollywood." Slinky satin models—like those she wears on the screen—are hanging up in Ann's own wardrobe.



She has lots of men friends—but only one romance. For more than a year she hasn't had a date with anybody but George Brent. He's the only man she's ever been interested in—in a really big way—since she divorced Edward Norris a couple of years ago.

Ann and George both declare it's just friendship—but don't be surprised to read of an elopement some day soon.

Ann admits to just one cautious streak. She has never completely overcome her surprise at winning the "Search for Beauty" contest that brought her to Hollywood six years ago.

So she keeps a separate bank account, which contains enough money to take her back to Texas, just in case.

• Redhead Ann Sheridan, Warners star, who quarrelled with her studio four months ago, is photographed in the garden of her Hollywood home.





● Above: Shearer breakfasts in the sun-room of her Santa Monica beach home, which overlooks the Pacific. At right: The MGM actress with her pet cocker spaniel. At home she practically lives in trimly-tailored slack-suits.

SHEARER BY the SEA



STUDYING HER PART IN NOEL COWARD FILM

By JOHN B. DAVIES, in New York

ON any fine day you may see Shearer on the sands outside her Santa Monica beach home, studying the script for her new MGM film, "To-night at 8.30."

This is an adaptation of the two Noel Coward plays, "We Were Dancing" and "Ways and Means."

She has no idea when—or if—she will appear in "The World We Make," in which she was to star with George Raft.

The Shearer-Raft romance is over, and MGM seems to have dropped the scheme of teaming the pair in a picture.

Ever since she finished "Escape,"

late last year, Norma has been spending as much time as she can at her beach home, quietly enjoying the sun and surf.

This home is unique, for it is built right on the sands, a stone's throw from the sea which Norma loves so much.

Although it is sound-proofed you can often feel the building shake when the ocean is rough. Norma likes it that way.

Inside the house you find nothing but brightness—wide windows, sprigged curtains, and polished floors.

It's built in the French Norman tradition and furnished in a gay color scheme. Yellow is Norma's favorite shade, because it "lightens the spirits."

Norma lives here with her two

children, Irving Thalberg, Jun., and Catherine, who go to school in California.

This is the house to which Norma retired after the tragic death of her husband, Irving Thalberg, in 1936.

Shearer is terribly serious about her work. She will be thirty-seven this year, but has no intention of retiring until the fans tire of her.

Norma is Canadian by birth, having been born in Montreal on August 10, 1904. As a youngster she was very much the tomboy, and still is possessed by an overabundance of energy. Lazy people are anathema to her. She cannot understand a fondness for idleness.

Shearer is sometimes referred to as the First Lady of Hollywood. This is not of her own choosing. In fact, she is rather embarrassed by the implication that she has the run of MGM at her command.

Only employee

NO one person could be said to run the organization, because there is no majority owner of the stock. As one of their two highest-salaried stars (Garbo gets the same salary as she does) Norma naturally has a voice in the choice of stories for her films, directors, and so forth. But she is still only an employee.

Norma's hobbies are skiing and skating, and hats. She is now teaching her two children to enjoy the winter sports. And she goes on periodic hat-buying orgies. She will sometimes return from a shopping tour with a dozen new chapeaux.

Courage is Norma's dominant characteristic. She is always willing to take a chance, provided her judgment tells her it is a good risk. She is ready to risk failure in order to achieve success.

She will tackle any role, and her career demonstrates what a wide



● Snapped at Santa Monica beach, just outside her own back door. Shearer loves the sea, and neighbors report they have seen her quite frequently on a moonlight night walking the sands in her bare feet.



● The lovely star will wear this attractive hair-do in her next film, "To-night at 8.30." It follows the recently-completed "Escape."

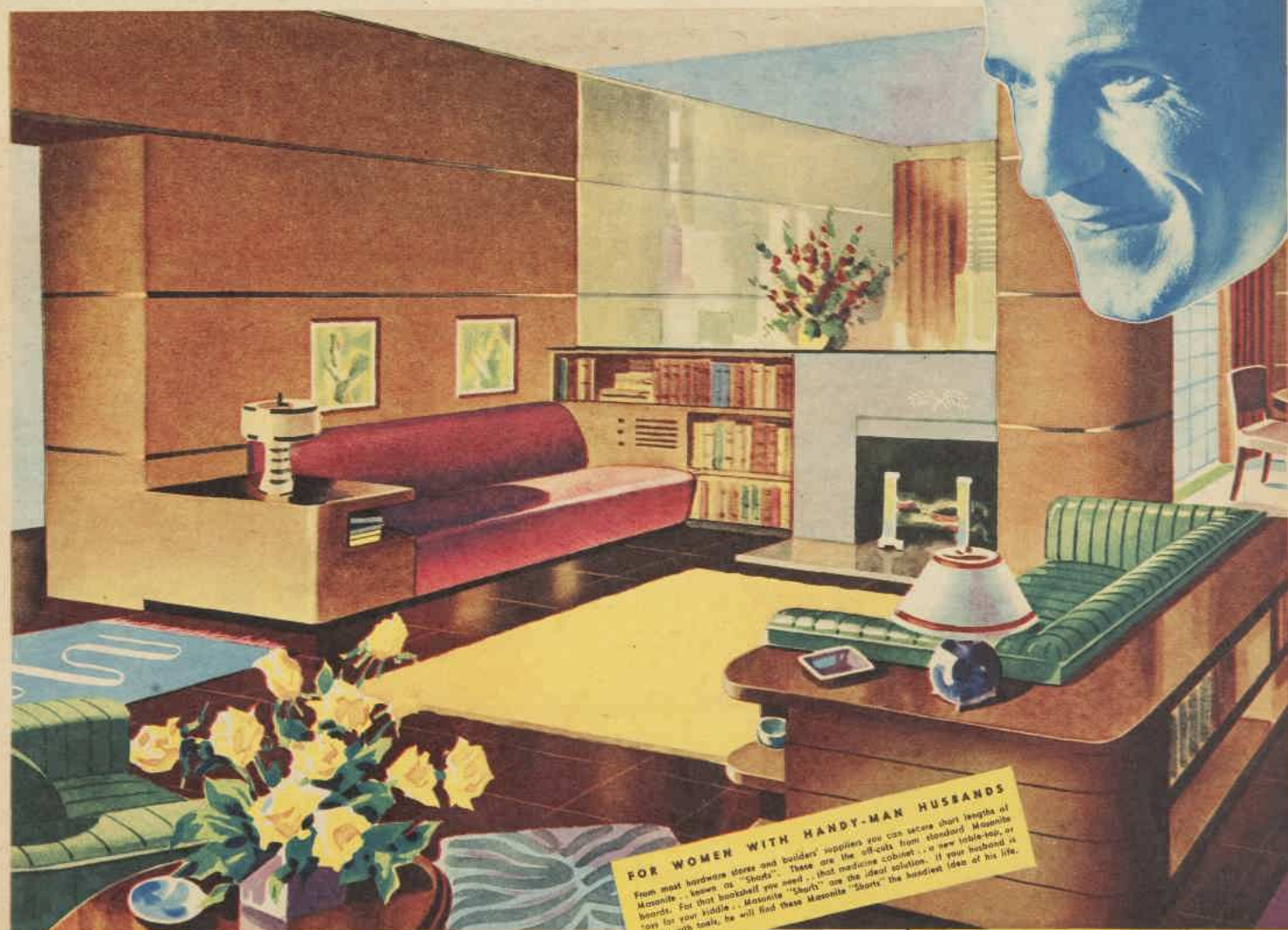
variety of parts she can play. Scarlett O'Hara tempted her strongly, and it was only the urgent pleadings of thousands of fans the world over that stayed her from attempting the part. Her admirers insisted that it was not her kind of part.

Norma is not puffed up with her own importance. She doesn't consider herself a great artist. But it is her ambition to give the best possible performance she can; and the proof of the pudding is that her fans always want more.



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HIS WEAKNESS IS POETRY

OF the many players who hold flying licences in Hollywood, Brian Donlevy, the Paramount star, is probably the only one who has seen war service as a pilot.

He spent three years in France during the last war. Appropriately enough, Donlevy has the role of instructor in the U.S. Army Air Corps in his latest film, "I Want Wings."

SCREEN H E - M A N BRIAN DONLEVY WAS SHY ABOUT HIS OWN ROMANCE

By JOAN McLEOD,
in Hollywood

BRIAN DONLEVY is best known on the screen for his sinister villains. But in his new film, "I Want Wings," he has a sympathetic role—just for a change.

I interviewed Brian and his wife in their Spanish bungalow situated on a hilltop just out of Hollywood.

There I discovered that this brawny, broad-shouldered Irishman, who always plays he-men on the screen, likes writing poetry in his spare time.

Unlike his ruthless film "heavies" who adopt cavemen tactics to conquer their women, Brian himself waited a year before he proposed to his wife.

Brian, I was told, met his wife, the former Marjorie Lane, on New Year's Eve, 1935, just when he was gaining a footing as a screen villain. He'd already appeared in "Barbary Coast" and a few other films.

At this time Marjorie was singing at the Trocadero. Brian was not a regular habitue of such places. In fact, he had been dragged there under protest by a man friend.

During the evening Marjorie was brought to his table and introduced. She mentioned casually that she'd like to see the New Year in, but did not want to go on with a formal party.

Twice married

BRIAN stammered an invitation to make a tour of Bohemian cafes. He decided to dash home and change into tweeds from his stiff evening clothes. Marjorie had day clothes in her dressing-room.

When he returned to the Trocadero he learned that she had tired of waiting and had gone off with Robert Taylor—then one of the beaux of Hollywood.

Undaunted, Brian returned night after night to the cafe, and gazed moon-eyed at the lovely singer. On December 22, 1936, the two of them flew to Ensenada, Mexico, where they were married by a judge.

As a matter of sentiment they went through the ceremony a second time on New Year's Eve, 1936, at the Wilshire Church—exactly one year after they met.

While Donlevy has continued to pursue his career of villainy on the screen, he washes it off with his make-up at the studio, and his wife says he is a perfect gentleman at home.

But he can be a really tough customer when occasion demands.

Born in Ireland

BORN in Portadown, County Armagh, Ireland, Brian was brought to America at the age of ten months and grew up in Wisconsin. His childhood weakness for poetry, coupled with his unfortunate middle name of Waldo, early developed an ability at rough-and-tumble fighting.

He spent a couple of months at St. John's Military Academy, but when the Great War broke out he announced he was going to join the Escadrille Lafayette.

In France he learned to fly and became a sergeant-pilot. For three years he did patrol duty and pursuit work, and was wounded twice.

After the war, he returned home and received an appointment to Annapolis Naval Academy. After



● Brian Donlevy, the Paramount star, and his wife at home. She was a night-club singer.



● Brian and his wife in happy mood. The next film for this ex-war pilot is, appropriately, an aviation drama entitled "I Want Wings."

a year, when he learned he would have to serve four years at sea before transferring to the flying branch of the service, he resigned.

But while at the Academy he had taken part in school theatricals, and after he resigned he went to New York to hunt for a stage job. Managers couldn't use him, so he filled in time posing for collar and cigarette ads. Then he met the late Louis Wolheim, who put him in the cast of the stage play, "What Price Glory"—as the corporal.

From then on, it was easy sailing and he progressed from one stage show to the next. He came to Hollywood to play the prizefighter in Harold Lloyd's screen version of "The Way," which he also did on the stage. The picture was delayed, so he took the part of the black-shirted killer in "Barbary Coast" instead. That set him as a "heavy," and it wasn't until "Down Went McGinty" that he ever won the girl in a picture.

Donlevy has extensive mining interests to which he attends personally when he isn't before the cameras—flying takes up a good deal of his spare time.

"The way things look now I may get another chance to do some war-flying, this time for America," he says.



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AL 40



1 SCHOOLGIRL Kitty Foyle (Ginger Rogers) amuses her father by her wish some day to marry and join Philadelphia's exclusive society.



2 AT EIGHTEEN, Kitty takes a job on a magazine run by gay young socialite Wynne (Dennis Morgan), and the pair fall in love.



3 BUT WYNNE does not propose, so when her father dies Kitty, heartbroken, flees to New York, where she works at an exclusive cosmetic shop.



4 REALISING their different social backgrounds are a barrier to her happiness with Wynne, Kitty agrees to marry serious Doctor Mark (James Craig).



5 WHEN WYNNE arrives unexpectedly in New York, Kitty forgets her promise to Mark and marries him.



6 LEARNING from his outraged family that she must go to a finishing school before they will accept her, Kitty, infuriated, leaves him at once.

In debt to

"Kitty Foyle"

GINGER'S TWO LEADING MEN, DENNIS MORGAN AND JAMES CRAIG, ARE CHOSEN FOR OTHER BIG ROLES

From CHRISTINE WEBB in Hollywood

T IRED of having to postpone its productions because of the shortage of leading men, RKO this year is going out after new talent. Any actor who shows promise will be given a long-term contract and a chance to make good on the screen in a really big way.

The success of those comparative "unknowns," Dennis Morgan and James Craig, who are Ginger Rogers' leading men in "Kitty Foyle," prompted this decision.

The studio has sent scouts to New York to look over the Broadway shows for possibilities.

Two New York "finds" are already in Hollywood.

They are Jack Briggs, a University graduate, who was discovered in the road company of "The Man Who Came to Dinner," and Robert Francis Smith, who has played in several Broadway shows, the latest being "Three Wives."

Lucky gamble

FOR "Kitty Foyle," a version of the Christopher Morley best-seller, and one of the studio's bigger pictures, RKO took a lucky gamble on Morgan and Craig.

It proved a turning point in the lives of both these young actors.

Immediately after the preview of the film, 29-year-old James Craig was assigned to bigger roles at RKO. Craig, as the hero of programme adventure yarns, spent two rather dull years at Columbia.

Dennis Morgan, who was lent to RKO by Warners to make "Kitty Foyle," has received his reward from his own studio. He will at last star

in a remake of "The Desert Song," a film which Warners has been promising him for years.

It was one of Warners' greatest early talkie hits when it was made in 1930 with John Boles and Vivienne Segal.

There are other young men in Hollywood who are getting the breaks—just because there aren't enough big-time stars to go round.

Most of the studios are facing up to the problem in a practical, realistic fashion.

New talent

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX has recently signed up no fewer than twelve young men.

The only one you would know is British John Loder, who has done a good deal of film work in England.

Comparative unknown David Bruce was given the lead in Warners' "Singapore," which Jeffrey Lynn turned down. It's Bruce's first big job.

Glen Ford was picked out of programme pictures to portray Margaret Sullivan's lover in the United Artists drama, "So Ends Our Night." His performance in this film has been named the best for last month.

James Ellison, who has waited years for a really good chance, seems to be getting it this year. Jimmy plays opposite Maureen O'Hara in the RKO musical, "They Met in Argentina."

The shortage of romantic heroes in Hollywood is so acute to-day that even these newcomers have to double up on their assignments.

English Richard Ainley is simultaneously playing hero to Geraldine Fitzgerald in "Winged Victory" and appearing in an important role in "Singapore" on another Warners set.

**OOH!
LOVELY!**
Of Course
i'll Have One!

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If you were, you wouldn't have the slightest fuss or bother, because kiddies love Laxettes. They think they're eating delicious chocolate. And so they are! But blended into that chocolate is the safest, surest laxative of all. Quickly—but without griping or purging—Laxettes stimulate the bowels to normal health and regularity, and end discomfort.

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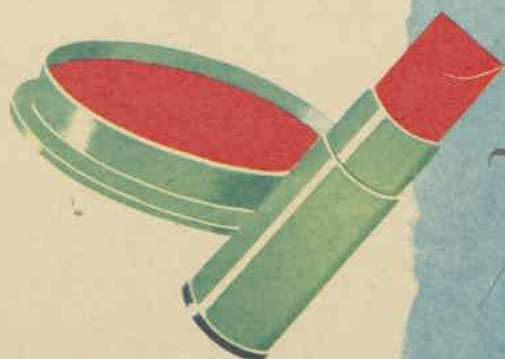
Women in wartime have a double-duty job! Efficiency in uniform by day . . . with the gay glamour of femininity by night to lighten the gloom of these days of stress. For all occasions, Cashmere Bouquet offers the highlight of subtle modern make-up.



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Whether your skin be dry, normal or oily, you will find these Cashmere Bouquet preparations the perfect way to retain a youthful freshness.

- CASHMERE BOUQUET CLEANSING CREAM (for the normal or dry skin) cleanses deep into the pores, removing all make-up and impurities.
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- CASHMERE BOUQUET TISSUE CREAM rejuvenates the skin by nourishing the tissues, strengthening muscle fibres and smoothing out wrinkles and fatigue lines.
- CASHMERE BOUQUET SKIN TONIC ASTRINGENT is an excellent bracer before make-up. It also refines the pores and corrects excessive oiliness.



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All the allure of the South Seas is found in this glorious colour, worn with Dark Hawaiian Tan face powder. Wear it with gay Summer cottans.

TANGERINE

To do justice to your outdoor tan, wear this vital sun shade, with Light Hawaiian Tan face powder. It is very flattering indeed to redheads.

SUNGOLD

For the golden girl there is the captured glory of the setting sun in this vivid Summer make-up worn with Sungold face powder.

ROYAL RED

A regal flowing crimson that faces sun or moon with equal gallantry. Wear it with all the daffodil tanings, with Light Hawaiian Tan face powder.

SIGNAL RED

If you favour the wearing of grey, blues, scarlet, black or white, add the daring highlight of Signal Red, worn with Sungold face powder.

CASHMERE BOUQUET FACE POWDER. Exquisitely fine, silk-sifted face powder in shades that blend with the natural skin tone.



PORTFOLIO of FASHION and Beauty

March 1, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

27

BRIGHT TRIUMPHS ...

• Tie a purple straw bonnet on your head with fine emerald net jersey, finishing in a huge bow under the chin. Wear the bonnet well back from your brow.

• Plank a bunch of red flowers right over your brow and tie them on with a brilliant green silk scarf — a dashing effect, simply achieved.

• Tunic dress for afternoon or theatre wear. It's in ink-blue suede crepe, has matching gloves. Note the flattering, wide, square neck.

• Quaint pockets heavily braided in green are a striking accent for this pastel-pink sheer woolen frock. Draped note again in the high neckline. (Above.)

• Electric-green jersey makes this afternoon frock featuring the new side drape and flattering low-cut neckline. Charming for the tall and slim.

• Just a twist of taffeta tied under your chin and you're becomingly hatted for cocktail parties, theatre, or a special luncheon date.

• Draped bodice, swathed long waistline and a tiny apron frill for this blue jersey cocktail frock.

Revue

AMERICAN MODELS

By Clipper from New York



● The sensational "shell-shaped" turban from Lilly Dache's autumn collection. Tissue straw is worked like a fabric and the snug-fitting skull-snood is edged with straw braid.



● Lilly Dache's colossal black felt, flung back from the face to reveal the new birdcage veil which drops from the inside of the crown and ties round the throat. (Above.)

+ +

● Finest white straw for a "pancake" toque which curls high at the back to show the red gros-grain lining. Over it a misty shower of black veiling. (Left.)

+ +

● John-Frederics enlivens a russet-brown felt halo with a matching veil cascading down to the waist at the back, and gleaming gold braid draped across the forehead. (Right.)



SUITING THE ACTION...

Gay winter togs—for active
and spectator sports—
sent from New York

Sketched by
PETROV



• A trim suit with swashbuckling cape done in a soft, spongy woollen in huge checker plaid in black, white, and candy-pink. (Above.)



• A clever winter tennis outfit in heavy, natural hopsac linen. The box-pleated shorts are topped with a trim coat-shirt fastened with red buttons. (Above.)



• A longish, tailored, hound's-tooth jacket over a plain woollen skirt is a current favorite in America. A high-necked cashmere sweater adds a cheery contrast. (Right.)

• Blue-and-white Glen plaid for skirt and front of jacket with navy wool jersey for the jacket-back shows variation of the plaid-and-plain combination. (Top right.)



TUT! TUT! BETTY'S READING THE
"POSITIONS VACANT."
AGAIN.



IF ONLY SHE'D
LUX US EVERY
NIGHT—INSTEAD
OF LETTING
US SPOIL HER
CHANCES WITH
PERSPIRATION
ODOUR

Every Girl should
be a **LUX**
CHANGE DAILY GIRL

A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND,
THAT'S ME... TO WHISK
PERSPIRATION OUT OF
UNDIES EACH NIGHT
AND KEEP THEM FRESH
AND PRETTY.



LUX saves stocking ladders
too...Does not contain soda

Prolongs the life of
Woollene Suits

A LEVER PRODUCT

553425

MAKES WASHING-UP EASY

COOK IN GLASS
the Modern way!

SERVE DIRECT FROM OVEN TO TABLE

GUARANTEED AGAINST OVEN BREAKAGES

SEE YOUR MEAL WHILE IT'S COOKING

AGEE PYREX
OVEN-TO-TABLE

It's Clear!

there's no such thing as "too much Pyrex"

ONE good Pyrex dish deserves another. A Pyrex casserole, for instance, deserves individual Pyrex dishes for other piping dainties. For your pies, your puddings, your baked vegetables, for every oven recipe on the modern menu there's an appropriate, attractive, inexpensive dish of Agee Pyrex—the ovenware which is tableware as well. Better and easier cooking; improved flavour; less washing up—these are the rewards of using Pyrex. Whether you buy the crystal clear type or the delightful pastel shades—keep on building up your Pyrex set until it is complete. You'll discover that the more Pyrex you have the more economical and attractive your meals become. It adds new delight to meals—new scope to the household budget.

Agee Pyrex is now available in complete Kitchen Kits of 4, 5 and 11 pieces. Packed in attractive cartons, they are available in either clear Pyrex or any of the standard Pyrex colours: Green, Blue or Daffodil. You can see them at most leading stores.

MAIL FOR FREE RECIPE BOOK.

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Please send me, free and post free, copy of your recipe book containing many novel dishes and details of the Agee Pyrex range.

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W.M. 1.3.41.

AGEE PYREX

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THE EYES OF YOUTH and fresh, lovely face free from any marbling lines . . . The girl is Lynne Robert, Fox player. The article below deals with beauty treatment for the eyes.

BEAUTY FOR EYES

... With care, simple treatment and exercises

- Summer with hours spent in the bright glaring sunshine places a great strain on the nerves of the eyes.
- So if you want to preserve their beauty and their delicate mechanism you must give them some regular care.
- When the eyes become twitchy and jumpy, either your vision or your health may be at fault—or both.
- Your bodily health finds quick reflection in your eyes. If your system is out of order from over-indulgence in rich foods and your nerves ragged from too many late nights and parties, then your eyes will soon show signs of internal derangement!
- So first pep up your health by adding an abundance of fresh fruit and vegetables to your diet and drinking plenty of water, often with the juice of a lemon added. Get more sleep and outdoor exercise.
- And try the simple treatments and exercises given below and your eyes will soon feel and look better.

By JANETTE

When your boy's coming home on leave,
Wear your heart, if you like, on your sleeve—
Wave—greet him with cheers,
But wear Kayser sheers,
And girl—will his proud bosom heave!



Definitely I'M
A ONE BRAND
WOMAN NOW!

Now, more than ever, our boys need the inspiration of feminine charm! When he's on leave, wear your prettiest frocks . . . gayest smile, sheerest stockings! . . . If your budget is limited remember that Kayser Mir-O-Kal sheers are easy on the masculine eye and the feminine purse.

I INSIST ON

KAYSER
MIR-O-KLEER HOSIERY—MADE IN AUST.

Have you seen
Kayser's two new
"TWYN-SYLK"
Economy Stockings?
101X Service Weight
102X Service Sheer
both only 4/11 pair
Pure Silk Mir-o-
Kleer Sheers and
Super Sheers.
5/11 to 9/11

Try this latest
hair style... *Jennette*
for tapered hair



See how the curls are placed! After combing out carefully, apply a good *Brilliantine*—Atkinson's—to keep your set firm. Never use the greasy, gummy brilliants—you need the special brilliants of Atkinson's Brilliantine to show up every sunny highlight of your hair. Atkinson's is made from fine light oils to give your hair sheer without stickiness.



ATKINSONS
Brilliantine
CALIFORNIAN POPPY
English Lavender
White Rose (essentials)



1/7 (including tax)

B.A. 32

YOUR eyes should have the same regular care as your face if you want to preserve their loveliness.

For instance, when you have spent a day motoring, surfing, or playing tennis, you should give your eyes an eyewash when you come indoors.

To do this, add a grain or two of borax to one ounce of rose-water. Half fill an eyebath with this solution, hold the head over a basin and fit the bath in the eye socket.

Now throw the head back and open the eye. Turn the head to right and left and give the eye a thorough washing. Then treat the other eye in the same way.

This eye-washing treatment should be carried out every night and morning. It is just as essential as cleaning your teeth and bathing.

Then you should practise some eye exercises to strengthen and relax the eye muscles and to relax the nerves of the eyes.

First place the palms of your hands over your eyes, resting the fingers on the forehead. Exert no pressure on the eyes. Just keep the eyes closed under the palms without any effort.

Now with the eyelids closed, make the eyes look to the right, then to the left. Then upwards and downwards. After repeating these movements several times, remove the hands and notice the invigorated feeling.

If your eyesight is gradually becoming weak try the following:

Sit at a table. Place a candle with a slightly burnt wick in the

centre of the table and on a level with the eyes. The candle will not be alight, of course.

Gaze intently at the black wick for a few seconds, then focus the sight on another object at exactly the same height but several feet from the candle.

The object must be a very small marking, such as a spot on the wall or a tin tack.

Gaze intently at this spot until you could close your eyelids and recall it at will. Then transfer the gaze back to the candle, and so on.

This is a splendid exercise for the sight, and is good after much reading or writing.

Nothing will cause wrinkles to appear more quickly than eye-strain. If you suspect strain visit your oculist and have your eyes thoroughly tested.

Strong sunshine, reading, and eye-strain soon cause a fine network of wrinkles to appear at the corners of the eyes.

When in the sun, shade the eyes. If you find the sunshine too strong, wear a good pair of sun-glasses.

When reading, always have the light falling over your shoulder onto the book. If eye-strain is present, wear glasses.

Then, to help remove the wrinkles, try the following treatment, which is very simple.

Break a fresh egg in halves, separate the yolk from the white, and paint the white of egg on the wrinkles. Use a camel's-hair brush for this purpose. Leave it on for 10-15 minutes, during which time you will feel the skin being drawn tight. Then you can remove it with cold water and finish by applying an astringent lotion.

THE STARS WERE IN HER FAVOUR

— but she was heading for an eclipse!



Easy to avoid offending with Lifebuoy

"B.O." is a dangerous trouble-maker. Lifebuoy, with its mild health ingredient is the one soap specially made to counter unpleasant "B.O." It's refreshing, gentle, it keeps a girl irreproachable. And you get a big, generous tablet of Lifebuoy for your money.

LIFEBUOY

Its clean fragrance vanishes . . . its protection remains.

A LEVER PRODUCT

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YOU GET THE RICHEST, THICKEST SUDS WITH RINSO!

IMPROVED RINSO in the BIG PACKET

AND RICHER SUDS GIVE A WHITER WASH SO **RINSO** BEATS THE OTHERS OUT OF SIGHT

I'LL SAY! IT'S WONDERFUL FOR THE WHOLE WASH. SEE MY COLOURS, SILKS AND WOOLLIES AFTER **RINSO**

GET AN EXTRA PACKET OF **RINSO** FOR WASHING-UP! I'VE NEVER SEEN GREASE VANISH SO COMPLETELY

P.S. for washing up too!

A LEVER PRODUCT

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Fashion PATTERNS



F1331



F1189



F1077



F2083



F1022

Special Concession Pattern



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Available for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old 5d. extra. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State as under:
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Pattern Coupon 1/3/41.

Exquisitely Dainty Lingerie Set

Sizes, 32, 34, 36-inch bust.
No. 1.—Evening Slip: Requires 3½yds., 36ins. wide.
No. 2.—Day Slip: Requires 2½yds., 36ins. wide.
No. 3.—Nightie: Requires 3½yds., 36ins. wide.
No. 4.—Scanties: Require 1yd., 36ins. wide.

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* Write your name and full address in block letters.
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F1721. — Trimly-fitted petticoat and bloomers for the young thing of 4 to 10 years. Requires: 1½yds. for petticoat and 1yd. for bloomers, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

F1331.—Full-skirted house-gown with attractive contrasting touches. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 6yds., 36ins. wide, and ½yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/10.

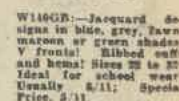
F1189.—Smart pyjama suit, featuring the popular "little boy" smock top. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 5½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F1077.—Trim little day-frock with skirt fullness shooting from the contrasting front panel. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4½yds., 36ins. wide, and ½yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

F2083.—Tailored blouse, ideal to top-slim skirts or to wear 'neath your new autumn suit. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F1376.—Sleek, form-fitting playsuit pepped up with a contrasting boxy jacket. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2½yds. for jacket, and 1½yds. for playsuit, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F1022.—Dramatic style with front fullness from neck to hem, disciplined at the waist with a self cummerbund. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.



Post Your Order to . . . MAIL ORDER SERVICE, THE MYER EMPORIUM LTD., BOX 783 MELBOURNE, C1, VICTORIA



• LADY BROOKE-POPHAM feeds small evacuee at her Cotesford house, which she has turned into home for London children. Air-Chief-Marshal Sir Robert Brooke-Popham, recent visitor to Australia, has been staying at Government House.



• YOUNG MARK MORTON is more interested in camera than tennis. His mother, Mrs. Mark Morton (left), and Mrs. Russell Meares watch play at Barbara Crago's home.



• FREE FRENCH party at Prince's . . . Nanette Bishop pins "France Libre" badge to Paul Segart's lapel.



• "WILL YOU BUY a ticket?" asks Jean Macrae (right) of Mrs. Mich Cutler at card party in aid of King George's Fund for Sailors . . . Pickwick Club.

On the Social Record

by Miss Midnight

Mr. Fadden rings up . . .

NO home life these days for genial Acting Prime Minister Fadden. Keeps in touch with his family by telephone, so he tells me when I glimpse him dashing from one War Cabinet meeting to another. Laughingly describes a recent call to Mrs. Fadden.

"Where are you speaking from?" is Mrs. Fadden's hopeful inquiry at sound of husband's voice. "Melbourne," says he.

"Oh, so far away . . . aren't we ever going to see you?"

"Well, don't you know there is a war on?" asks Acting P.M.

"Yes, and so will you when you DO come home!" is Mrs. Fadden's definite reply.

To wed in Sydney . . .

HEAR that Jean Church is this week leaving her job of dispenser at Women's Hospital, Melbourne, and arriving in Sydney on Sunday—four days before she weds Dr. Ham Wilson. Ceremony is at pretty little church, St. Giles', Greenwich, followed by small reception at Wollstonecraft home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Church.

Jean's luggage will include her lovely white bridal gown. Only bridesmaid will be her sister Betty, who is busy making her own petal-pink frock.

The bridegroom-elect, who is resident at Royal Melbourne Hospital, due here on Monday . . . coming by car with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Wilson. Best man Keith Waller also coming from Melbourne.

They catch the eye . . .

BONNIE FIELDS' pearl-and-platinum bracelet, with one charm—a tiny telephone . . . Barbara Dare's corn-yellow platter toque . . . Roslyn Dangar in shaded blue dinner frock, matching hood lined with darker blue . . . Mrs. Lex Albert's super-draped cocoa jersey model, for summer evenings . . . and Mrs. Wal Anderson's draped model of white jersey . . . the Loneragan sisters, both in pale pink and picture hats . . . wristlet of frangipanni worn by Mrs. Tim Whitney.

On Malibu Beach . . .

DROP in to English actress Helen Gilliland's flat at Macleay Regis to take tea with her and Mrs. Ken Mackay. Conversation centres round Phyl Mackay's brother, Bob Skene, and, naturally, polo. Bob is a friend of Helen and her husband, Captain Peter Franklin, with whom he played polo in India.

Helen saw a lot of the Bob Skenes in Hollywood . . . a few months ago they all were house guests of millionaire polo player, Eddie Hillman, at Santa Barbara. Mrs. Hillman was formerly June, Lady Inverclyde, who appeared with Miss Gilliland in London pantomime.

Over second cup of tea we get around to Hollywood and work stars and their wives are doing for British War Relief. Just before she left America, two months ago, Helen tells me they finished the 10,000th shirt.

And such an exotic workroom . . . Malibu Beach home of Mrs. Doug Fairbanks, the former Lady Ashley. Forty electric machines are placed on the beach, under sun umbrellas. Workers include Countess of Jersey and the wives of Fred Astaire, Basil Rathbone, Alan Mowbray, Nigel Bruce, Ronald Colman.

Polo player marries . . .

JOYCE WILLIAMS is lovely bride in Empire frock of white chiffon when she weds polo player Tom Cahill at St. Mary's Cathedral. Most attractive, too, in white marquisette, are maids Nancy Cahill (Tom's sister) and Thyra Anderson.

Thyra and the bride were friends at Santa Sabina, Strathfield. Other school friends of Joyce's at ceremony and Redleaf reception are Eileen Fitzgerald, who makes special trip from Melbourne, Lurline Hall, Peg McCarthy, and Betty Frost, accompanied by fiancé Douglas Pentecost.

Ave Maria is sung at cathedral by Millie Hall (Mrs. W. Moran). She and bride studied singing together.

Members of groom's family who come from Narromine for celebrations include his father, Mr. E. Cahill, and sisters Nora, Kit, and Mona. Also among guests . . . Mrs. Ken Williams, Mr. and Mrs. John Williams, Max Williams, and Josephine Hughes.

After motoring honeymoon, Tom will take his bride to Miegunyah, Trangle.

Lazing in the sun . . .

DECORATIVE in banana-colored swimsuits, Mrs. John Fairfax in family party with husband and small daughters Caroline and Virginia . . . at Camp Cove.

Also at Camp Cove . . . Angus and Dorothy Macpherson, picnic lunching with young Michael Wrigley. Mrs. Macpherson smart in navy lastex swimsuit and matching bonnet banded with petunia and white.

Collaroy sunbakers . . . the John Dights and small son Peter, of Yetman.

At Narooma . . . Walter Worboys and his bride, former Pat Huxtable, of Melbourne.

Did you know? . . .

DAVID CHARLES is name of month-old son and heir of Dr. and Mrs. Ross Macourt . . . first grandchild of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Blanks. Next week, Mrs. Macourt and David will return to their Queanbeyan home.

Recently-wed John Harts are living at Evans Head, where John is stationed with R.A.A.F. They are fortunate possessors of new modern flat. Mrs. Hart formerly Kathleen Thompson.

Comings and goings . . .

JUDY MAYO is spending several weeks with Alice Scott, at Hillview, Cootamundra . . . fiancé Donald Munro is abroad with R.A.A.F.

Ann Chandler arrives from Brisbane this week to begin nursing career at Children's Hospital.

Pat and June Gibson are at Murrumbidgee . . . Judy White their hostess.

Lieut.-Commander and Mrs. Norman Pixley now live in Melbourne . . . Norman recently transferred from Brisbane to naval staff in Victoria.

Heard around town . . .

ECHOES of surprise in Cowra township when Gunner Red Crossing returns from leave accompanied by charming bride, Mrs. Crossing, formerly Iris Langworthy, of Elizabeth Bay, has been staying at Hotel Cowra, but now moving into flat.



• JEAN GILLESPIE arrives at Fullerton Memorial Church to tune of George Cullen's bagpipes . . . later piped out with her husband, Jimmy London.



• MELBOURNE PICTURE of newly-engageds who are well known in Sydney . . . Jock Starrock and Shirley McGregor.



• PAMELA FULLER and Kathleen Clayton at meeting held to organise grand patriotic concert at Town Hall on Greek Day, this Friday.



• YOUTHFUL theatre-goers, Ann Winn (left) and Margaret Edwards, at "The Roundabout," Conservatorium. Margaret wears attractive hooded frock of two blues.

"YES." Young

Bryant was gazing at Nicole. "You're—well, triumphant to-night!" he stated.

"My star turn!" she laughed back. "Good!" said Sandy. "Very good. Well, I'll have to be getting back. Taking out an aunt and a schoolgirl cousin. They think this place is the cat's whiskers. So long, Nicole. All the best!"

Burton looked after him as he went.

"Is that chap in love with you?"

"Didn't you hear him say I looked triumphant?"

"What has that to do with it?"

"My dear, Sandy is everybody's friend in need! If I were in trouble he might fall in love with me. If not—well, it's tame dogs over stiles and schoolgirl cousins!"

"You might have got engaged to him instead of to me!"

"I believe he once felt like that, too, but it was no use. I'm no damsel in distress! Besides, there would be no roses and rapture about it. Besides—"

"What?"

"I met you!"

Her hand touched his across the

The Way Back

Continued from page 3

table. Then they danced again. Burton held her very closely as they moved round the room together. Why did she love him? he was asking himself. What good was he? He was a crook. But he wouldn't! No defeatism! If she loved him, he'd show her! The champagne had given him the exhilaration he needed. He spoke, her soft hair against his shoulder: "If I kissed you here, would they turn me out?"

"I'd rather be kissed somewhere else!"

"It shall be done, before the night is over. You shall be kissed as you have never been kissed before!"

"I'm never scared of new experiences!"

Her eyes were bright. Yes, she thought, he's reacting splendidly. He had not noticed, as he usually did, that, except for a group of swarthy foreigners, he was about the only man in civilian dress.

When they returned to the table she was glad to see him filling his glass again. For there had been a newspaper boy in the foyer as they entered. She had steered Burton past him. "The Admiralty regrets to announce—"

No use for either of them! Good stuff, champagne. Stuff on which you walked on air! Everything that had been said about it was true.

She did not protest when Burton ordered another bottle. They danced again and again. They passed Sandy sometimes with his young cousin. Obviously she was having the time of her life. To-morrow she would write condescendingly to friends still marooned at school, and turn them all green with envy. She would never guess that her partner was less conscious of her than of the girl in the flowered frock.

But Sandy and his party had disappeared long before the Squinting Dog closed down, and Nicole and Burton stood outside under the stars.

"Painting the blackout red! You can be such a long time dead!"

Burton sang. "You didn't know I was one of those poet blokes, did you, honey? What did I say about kissing you?"

For the first time doubts about the wisdom of that second bottle crossed her mind.

"I think I'll drive!" she said.

"No, you don't!"

"Painting the blackout red! You can be such a long time dead!"

"Burton, be careful, won't you?"

"Carefulness was the quality the good fairy gave me at my christening."

They started. The car swung out of the narrow alleyway and went quite steadily towards Piccadilly and the west.

Nicole heaved a sigh of relief. She might have known, she thought, that, even though he was slightly light in the head, Burton's hand could not have lost its cunning. He wasn't drunk; only gayer than she had seen him since that holiday in Devon. A blue harbor with the wings of yachts making sickles against it, a blue sky, and the wings of seagulls doing the same thing to it. And salt on your lips, and a stinging wind in your face.

"Burton, where are you taking me?"

"Down to the Embankment!"

"But it's terribly late. Why shouldn't we go home?"

"You don't want the milkman to think he has overstepped himself, do you? It's a nice place, the Embankment!"

"Have it your own way!" said Nicole.

They were in Chelsea now. After all, she thought, the champagne had affected her, too, even though she had not drunk as much of it as he had. It was warm inside the car. She snuggled cosily against his shoulder. Her lashes were hovering over her eyes. She was drowsy. Yet it was she who saw the little old woman crossing the road; she who screamed:

"Burton, look out! There's somebody there! Look out!"

He gave an exclamation, jammed on the brakes. The car took a terrific swerve. But the figure on the road did the same. She ran back—fatally. The car crashed into her. They had a glimpse of her white, lost, terrified face before they hit her. There was a sickening impact. A moment later they came to a standstill. They jumped out, white and trembling. The moon shone down on a dark patch on the road.

"Stay here!" commanded Burton.

"Do as I tell you, Nicole! Stay here!"

He was cold sober now. He walked

towards the patch on the road. Nicole waited. She was shaking from head to foot. Burton had knelt down beside it; he was examining it. She could see the white flutter of a hand as he rubbed it. He was feeling for the pulse, of course.

"It's no use!" he said. "She's—"

Painting the blackout red! You can be such a long time dead! Nicole was never going to forget that hideous jangle—never, she thought. Then they saw a policeman moving towards them, ominous as fate.

"The great thing," said Colonel Frome, "is to be calm, and to remain so!"

"Father, if you say that again, I'll scream!" said Nicole.

"I'm only trying to impress it on you," said the colonel, offended.

"Well, if you're ready, we'd better be getting on."

He looked at his daughter critically. She had put on a black dress with a collar of dull red. She had tried a white one, and it had then struck her that she only needed a string of pearls to turn her into the perfect representation of a wronged wife suing an erring husband.

The worst of it, thought her father irritably, she can't look dowdy! Anybody would be certain that a man taking her out for the evening would be having a very good time indeed!

Not that Harwood shouldn't be all right. These blackout casualties were too common for anybody to make much of a song-and-dance about.

His solicitor is bringing medical evidence to show the state of his health, isn't he?" he asked.

"Of course."

"That's good. And then there's his war record. They'll bring it in 'death by misadventure'—no doubt of it!"

"And after that?" said Nicole.

"Well, after that, it will be all right, naturally!" said her father.

Nicole gave an odd laugh. He didn't like the sound of it. Hang it all, did she think this was fun for him? A coroner's court was the most depressing place in the world.

All the same, as he and Nicole entered it, he recognised one or two familiar faces. Young Sandy Bryant, for instance. What was he doing here? One of Nicole's boy friends before her engagement to Harwood, he'd been. But, like other nice people, he'd got no money at all!

The colonel settled himself down, and wished that he could smoke.

Nicole looked about her. Across the aisle a woman in a brown coat, with little stockings, was watching her. There was a red-haired, sullen man beside her. She had met them both already. They were relatives of the deceased. She tried to give them some form of greeting, but they just went on staring. She lowered her eyes again, forcing her hands to keep still, not to play with her bag, her handkerchief.

Burton wasn't here yet. Yes, he was coming in now, with Edgar Cowan, his solicitor and friend. A reassuring person, Edgar.

Burton looked across at her, as they both sat down a few rows away from her. His mouth twitched, but you could hardly have called it a smile. He looked terribly thin, and quite impassive! His features might have been carved out of stone. She

had not realised before that he was what you called lantern-jawed.

Here was the coroner. There wasn't a jury. That was a hopeful sign, Edgar had said. If there had been any doubt about the verdict they would have been called.

"We are met here to-day to consider the causes of the death of Sarah Clementina Jukes, widow, aged 67, on the morning of December the eighteenth . . ."

Clementina? Were people really called Clementina? wondered Nicole. Wasn't there an old song about her? Oh, my darling Clementina! No, it was Clementine. Prettier, on the whole.

The policeman who had appeared just after the accident was in the witness box now. He was telling them how he found Burton bending over the body, how he took the names and addresses of both the driver of the car and the lady with him. Commander Harwood did everything to help, he said. It was he who had summoned the ambulance.

"Did he appear to you to be under the influence of intoxicating liquor?" asked the coroner.

"No, sir. He might have had one or two, but he wasn't drunk!"

"You never saw the car in motion?"

"No, sir. I came up after the accident had occurred."

So that was that, thought Nicole. Now the woman in the brown coat was giving evidence of identification. She spoke with a very definite Cockney accent. Grandma—Mrs. Jukes—had been at her house, helping to nurse the baby, who had croup. She'd stayed up with it until after one in the morning. Then she'd gone home—she'd lived just around the corner in Pleasant Court. And that was the last time they'd seen her alive.

The next day they were told that she had never reached her home, and they'd gone to the police station and then they'd been taken to the mortuary, and . . .

SHE began to cry noisily. Her husband looked across at Burton.

Cursing him for a capitalist, thought Nicole.

"Call Commander Harwood!"

Burton went into the box and took the oath. The truth, the whole truth, nothing but the truth.

"Commander, will you give us your account of the accident on the morning of December the eighteenth?"

"I and my fiancée, Miss Frome, were on our way from a night club . . ."

It sounds awful, she thought. The idle and dissolute rich, playing while the country is at war!

Burton, however, was telling his story well. Every word was spoken coldly and dispassionately. You wouldn't have thought that he cared at all, except for his tightly clenched knuckles.

People weren't liking him much, Nicole told herself. But, after the coroner had heard his account of the accident, he questioned him about his past. On the North Sea since the first week of September. Ship torpedoed October 29 by an enemy submarine. That was something! Public opinion turned. Poor chap! After a do like that . . .

BURTON would

resent that, sentimentality, thought Nicole. He would not want that to be taken into consideration. Now they were proving how badly shaken up he had been. It would have been easy for him to make an error of judgment, they were insinuating.

The coroner's voice was gentler, as he said: "That is all for the present, Commander."

Then it was her turn. Oh, if only her heart wouldn't beat so violently! Look at that clock! By the time the minute hand has gone round it again this will almost certainly be over, she thought. After all, this wasn't the only case of sudden death for the coroner to consider, was it? She took the Bible the policeman handed her. The truth, the whole truth, nothing but the truth!

"You are a member of the London A.R.P. Service, I understand, Miss Frome?" said the coroner.

"Yes. I drive an ambulance in connection with X35 casualty station."

"Will you tell us what happened between eight o'clock on the evening of December 17 and the hour when the accident occurred?"

She did so. The coroner wanted to know exactly what had been drunk. Two bottles of champagne. No, no cocktails, nothing else intoxicating. "I don't think we finished the second bottle."

"Wasn't that an excessive allowance for two people?"

She couldn't tell him about "the Admiralty regrets to announce" part, could she?

"I suppose it was. You see, it was a special occasion."

"What sort of special occasion?"

"The first time Commander Harwood had taken me out since he was invalided."

Now they were looking at her plyingly. Poor young things! Aren't we all human?

"Miss Frome, I'm putting the same question to you: Was the commander intoxicated?"

"No!"

They went on to ask her about the accident. She saw again that patch on the road, that white hand. She laid her own hand over her eyes. She answered slowly. She was being a good witness. At any rate Edgar Cowan nodded at her approvingly when she came down from the box. He was a good friend for Burton, she thought. A born lawyer, dispassionate, giving everything its correct value.

They were bringing other evidence. A waiter from the Squinting Dog. No, the second bottle of champagne had not been emptied—until he had emptied it himself.

Laughter, suppressed by the coroner. He fumbled with his papers. There was a long pause. He began sorting out the evidence. He mentioned the blackout, so dangerous for the old and frail. He mentioned the state of Commander Harwood's health, which might make him prone to an error, but by no means a criminal error in judgment. He went on for some time. Then his verdict was brought in. Death by misadventure.

Burton was safe then, safe!

"I said it would be all right, didn't I?" muttered the colonel.

Please turn to page 38

THE ONLY
SAFE
MOSQUITO



IS A
DEAD
MOSQUITO

KILL
THEM WITH
FLY-TOX

A cheap inferior spray won't kill mosquitoes—it only irritates them! Get back to Fly-Tox — a Fly-Tox sprayed mosquito is a dead mosquito! There's no gamble with Fly-Tox — Fly-Tox definitely kills all insects. Stop gambling with substitutes — get Fly-Tox every time!

Back to
FLY-TOX
IT KILLS all INSECTS

3-9-40

YOU CAN STOP THAT BACKACHE

But You Must First HELP YOUR KIDNEYS

to Flush Out Acid Poisons

Recognize backache as a signal that there is something wrong with your kidneys.

Your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes and filters. Every three minutes all the blood in your body passes through these tubes. It is filtered of waste matter and acid poisons.

Unless your kidneys remove about 500 grains of dangerous impurities, these tubes become clogged, causing backache, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, limbo, swollen feet and ankles, puffiness under the eyes, headaches, rheumatic pains and dizziness.

Frequent or scanty passages with burning and burning also show there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't delay and don't experiment. Go to your chemist or store for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS. Use them faithfully and give your kidneys the help they need before it is too late. Millions of users the world over have had quick, satisfying relief. Do as your neighbors do—take DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS 10-407.

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Salad Success

The most enticing salad dressings are made with the sparkling flavour of this fine old Vinegar. You can always rely on Cornwell's Pure Malt Vinegar.

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BREWED FROM
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OF AUSTRALIA
SYDNEY NEW

1 PINT & FLUID OUNCES

IN QUARTS
AND PINTS

A BOOK TO READ

Family saga of Yorkshire life

The family saga is no novelty. But, whether you were an only child or one of thirteen, it has a special appeal for everybody.

Probably there is a reflection of everybody's family in any family saga, whether it is the Forsytes, the "Swiss Family Robinson," or the family of "On Our Selection."

THOMAS ARMSTRONG presents a new family saga in "The Crowthers of Bankdam."

It is a robust, full-blooded story of four generations of a great Yorkshire woollen mills family.

The story begins in 1854 when the Master of Bankdam, Simeon Crowther, takes his two sons, Zebediah and Joshua, into partnership.

It is richly woven, not only with the dramas of the Crowther family, but with the march of events in the world outside Yorkshire—wars in Europe, the wave of prosperity in the late Victorian era, the Boer War, the last war, and the revolution in

the Crowthers, like most families, present a united front, even though the warring factions some-times come to blows in private.

Zebediah and subsequently his children marry with an eye to social advancement. Joshua marries a mill girl, and his children's marriages bind them closer to the life of the mill town.

Zebediah's son is weighed down with the name of Lancelot Handel, Joshua carries on the family tradition by naming his son Simeon, after his father.

Zebediah's family carry on a relentless campaign to get in with the "gentry," their efforts crowned when Lancelot Handel is made a baronet.

All these strivings are treated with regrettable levity by Joshua's family.

The book is closely interwoven with the family's love stories.

Shrewd observation

THERE is the warm, understanding married life of shrewd, forthright old Simeon, the former mill-hand, and his mill-girl wife, Lydia. "I've had a good innings," old Mrs. Simeon says. "An' thee an' me have allus had a reet lovely time. We've struggled together, an' planned together. And we've finished up where we wanted."

There is the enduring love story of Joshua and his mill-girl wife, Annie, their son Simeon's patient courtship of his cousin Alice.

The heartrending love story of their daughter, the spirited Vicky, whose naval husband has to leave her on their wedding day for war service, the spectacular romance of Lancelot's son, Edwin, and his Russian Princess.

Thomas Armstrong has written his first novel about a world he knows thoroughly. His family has been associated with the Yorkshire woollen industry for generations.

He takes you into the mills through all the complicated process of dyeing, weaving, and selling which changes wool from Australia, New Zealand, Africa, cottons from Brazil and Peru into materials exported all over the world for men's suits, women's clothes, and military uniforms.

"The Crowthers of Bankdam," by Thomas Armstrong (Collins). Our copy from the publishers.



TWO FAMOUS Americans, Clare Boothe (author of "The Women") and Dorothy Thompson (columnist) were both speakers at a dinner in New York advocating union between English-speaking countries.



HOW TO KEEP FIT

You can't keep fit if you suffer from constipation. Constipation saps energy, makes you feel tired and "off-colour." NYAL FIGSEN, the gentle laxative, ends constipation quickly and naturally. Figsen is made from three of Nature's own laxatives—Figs, Senna and Cascara. That's why Figsen is NOT habit-forming, and why it is good for every member of the family—the youngsters as well as the grown-ups. Figsen is sold by chemists everywhere. 1/3d a tin. The next best thing to Nature...

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FOR CONSTIPATION



THOMAS ARMSTRONG, whose first novel is written about his native Yorkshire.

Russia—which bring "brass" or hardship to the mill town according to their effect on the wool trade.

It ends in 1921, with trade depression and industrial troubles facing a new Master of Bankdam, grandson of old Simeon.

Zebediah is vain, ambitious, and greedy for the "brass" and power that may come to him from the family's mills.

Joshua, the craftsman, is interested only in the work of the mill and the family traditions that are bound up with it.

As the third and fourth generations of the family grow up the gulf between the two branches of the family widens.

There are some magnificent family fights, the wives loyally supporting their husbands. But to the world

CATARRHAL HEADACHES

£'s Spent Trying to Get Relief

READ
THIS
UNUSUAL
LETTER!

Nicholas Pty. Ltd.,
Melbourne.
Dear Sirs,

Yarragon, Vic.,
Sept. 9th, 1940.

I thought I would write and tell you what benefit I get from taking 'ASPRO' for Catarrhal Headaches. I have spent pounds on Catarrhal inhalants, etc., but I find that if I take 3 'ASPRO' tablets as soon as the headache comes on, I get instant relief. I note the various complaints 'ASPRO' is good for but I think you would do well if Catarrhal Headaches were included so that many people suffering like me could get speedy relief.

(Sgd.) Mrs. A. J. REDMOND.

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POWDERS or TABLETS

Soothe Pain Away and Calm the Nerves

8/41

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"MELO-DEE" Cold Cream serves ALL PURPOSES—as your night cleansing cream and your daily powder base. "MELO-DEE" Cold Cream liquefies quickly on the skin, cleansing even the tiniest pores AND PERMITS THE SKIN TO BREATHE FREELY. It leaves your skin clear and soft and with a FRAGRANCE that lingers. "MELO-DEE" Cold Cream is STILL 2/6 for the largest jar. NO INCREASE IN PRICE.

SAMUEL'S

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Use also "Melo-dee" Face Powder—still 2/6 for THE LARGEST BOX.



AT ALL
CHEMISTS
AND
STORES.



The most effective and economical insect spray is made by mixing Verm-x Concentrated Insect Extirminator with kerosene. KILLS QUICKER AND CHEAPER. STAINLESS — ODOURLESS.

Size to make 1 pint, 1/6. Also obtainable in sizes to make 1 quart and 1 gallon.

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EXTIRMINATOR

If you prefer, you can buy Verm-x ready for use from your grocer or chemist.

Sizes, 2 oz., 1 pint, 1 quart, 1 gallon.



Sanitary Protection is now more hygienic—it's worn INTERNALLY. To-day women in thousands enjoy freedom and comfort they never believed possible. They are happier, healthier and more confident since using Tampax, the modern form of protection, eliminating belts, pins and pads. Tampax is a doctor's invention, adapted from the medical tampon and perfected for women's regular use. Made of compressed, highly absorbent surgical cotton-wool, Tampax is invisible, dainty, hygienic, simple to use, and is so comfortable you are not even conscious of its presence. HANDY-SIZE PACKET of 3, only 11d.; packet of 6, 1/6; large economical-size packet of 10, 2/5. Easy instructions enclosed. Available from chemists, beauty salons and stores everywhere—or use coupon.

Distributors: Hiltcastle Pty. Ltd., all Capital Cities and N.Z.

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Sanitary Protection
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SEND 11P

in stamps, for your packet of 3 Tampax in plain wrapper (or illustrated folder and "Figure Beauty and Hygiene" booklet, posted free on request) to NURSE SIMPSON, Box 980 GG, G.P.O., Sydney.

Box 922, G.P.O., Melbourne. Box 1023N, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 1207, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box C497, G.P.O., Perth. Box 13, P.O., Hobart.

Name _____ Address _____ DWW13

BY gad, he'd be glad to feed after this, not teetotally either!

The coroner rose. The court rose. Nicole jumped to her feet. Ignoring the weeping woman and her red-headed husband, she made her way towards Burton.

"Dear . . ." she began.

He pushed past her—brushed her out of the way, and went on. He made a path for himself between the groups of curious people, out of the court altogether. Nicole pursued him. They made way for her, too.

But it was no use. When she reached the outer door, with policemen eying her suspiciously, he had vanished. There was only the cold street outside, and ordinary people coming and going.

"But, Edgar," cried Nicole desperately, "you've got to tell me where he has gone!"

"I regret to say that I promised him to withhold that information, Nicole."

"But we're engaged, and he has been ill."

"He asks you to consider the engagement at an end. That was his message."

"But I don't understand!" cried Nicole. In spite of herself two tears trembled on her cheek.

"I do," said Edgar. His tone was kind, almost brotherly. If only he wouldn't point his fingers together in that lawyerish way! "Burton blamed himself bitterly, but perhaps rightly. He said he wasn't drunk, but he had drunk too much. He said he had been driving too fast to have had the judgment that he usually had in dealing with emergencies; in short, that in spite of the coroner's exonerations, it was his fault that the accident had happened."

"He said there was enough killing in the world, without him having added to it. His life, which he had been trying to build up, has crumbled in bits about him. And he has gone away, alone, in order to build it up again."

The Way Back

Continued from page 36

"You don't think—" began Nicole in alarm.

"You needn't be afraid of suicide," said Edgar. "He said that it was too easy a way out. Besides, I know where he is."

"And you still don't mean to tell me?"

"He may be right, you know," said Edgar, those long fingers still judicially pointed together. "He said very definitely that he doesn't want you to feel tied to him any longer. He wants you to keep his ring as a memento of the happiness you have—er—given him. But I think you will have to leave him alone, Nicole, to work out his own salvation unhindered. At present he feels that he can be of no use to you, and I believe he is right. You should put him out of your mind. As he says, you're young and very charming, and plenty of other men—"

"Don't dare mention other men!" said Nicole. "Are you going to tell me where Burton is or not?"

"I am not!" said Edgar.

"Very well, then! That's all I wanted to know. Good morning!"

She walked out of his office, down the shabby cellothod stairs, between the sandbags, out into the street again. There she paused. She slipped from her finger Burton's diamond ring. He had killed her, as they said in old-fashioned melodramas. Very well, she was free! The sooner she told everyone about it, the better!

She felt rather as if she had been whipped in public. She walked along the street telling herself again and again that she was free—that that into your head, Nicole Promise! She wasn't marrying Burton.

Perhaps he'd wanted to be rid of her all the time! Perhaps she had been impetuous. Perhaps she'd always been the one who had loved, and he the one who had let himself be loved. No, no, it hadn't been like that at Salcombe. He had cared for her then, as much as she had cared for him—Nicole, darling, Nicole, most darling of my heart!

Funny language for a naval man, she had jeered at him. He had caught her, and kissed the words away. For one second in that icy street she recaptured the memory of that day, the warmth and blueness of it all. Never again, never! No talk of the Burton Harwoods. She was just Nicole Frome, with a bibulous old father.

If I could only know where he was, that he was all right, she thought.

It was at the casualty station she heard fragments of the gossip that followed the breaking of her engagement.

"Hitting a man when he's down—that's what I call it!" somebody was saying.

"Girls like her are always out for Number One," was the reply.

Then they saw her and were uncomfortably silent. They weren't in the same social class as she was, and were vaguely jealous of her. She was the only one who had had her uniform cut by a West End tailor. It was subtly compensating to tell one another that she was as hard as nails, turning the poor fellow down like that!

Perhaps I had better send out a printed notice, Nicole thought drearily.

MISS NICOLE

FROME begs to inform you that she has been jilted.

Then, one morning in Bond Street, she met Sandy Bryant face to face.

"Nicole!" he said.

He was looking at her, horrified. He wasn't the type who could hide anything. She forced a smile.

"Have I put on my eyebrows wrong?" she asked.

"Bother your eyebrows!" said Sandy, with what, for him, was unusual violence. He grabbed her arm. "Come and have some coffee."

They sat down at one of the little tables just inside a tea-shop, watching the traffic of Piccadilly coming and going. The place suited Sandy, she thought, all country-familial, and respectable. But she couldn't stand him looking at her like that.

"Darling, is this war getting along without you altogether?" she inquired flippantly. "You seem to wangle quite a lot of leave!"

"This time it's on urgent private affairs," he answered. "Perhaps I'd better break it to you. I have just become a baronet!"

"Oh, Sandy, how grand!" cried Nicole. Then realising the implication of his words, she added hurriedly: "Sandy, I'm sorry! How—"

"My uncle," said Sandy briefly. "And a few weeks ago his only son was killed. I came next. I never expected it, of course. There's a small estate, too, in the West Country. It's rather nice. I spent all my school-days there, so I know it. I've always been fond of it, though I wish I hadn't got it just this way."

"What's the name of it?"

"Fleeting in Mayland, and the house is called Fleeting Gate. My aunt's down there—she's a spinster. My uncle was a widower. I'm going there to-morrow. Things to see to. Family lawyers; all the rest of it! Death's terribly complicated, Nicole, except for the one who dies. But it was you we were talking about. You've been through a lot worse than I have." The waitress approached. "Black coffee or white?"

"**B**lack, please, without cream."

"White, with cream," said Sandy firmly. "You must have lost a stone since I saw you last!"

"Nobody else has noticed it."

"Then they should have. I was at the inquest, you know. Then I heard you'd called off the engagement. Feel like talking about it?"

"I'm afraid not, Sandy!"

"You looked so marvellous the night I saw you with him!"

Yes, triumphant, he'd called her. Well, she wasn't triumphant now. She remembered what she had said about him. He was everybody's friend in need. After all, wasn't that a good thing to be? A tear bubbled out of her eyes, a scandalising thing to happen in a tea-shop where nothing more vital should occur than inquiries about the new vicar, or the trouble one had had in finding a kitchenmaid.

"Good lord, Nicole!" said Sandy. He was genuinely shocked. She was usually so composed, so sure of herself.

"As soon as you've drunk that coffee we're getting out of this!" he said.

They took a taxi. Afterwards she never knew where they went. His arm was about her, her head upon his shoulder. Oh, but it was heaven to be able to give in, after all those weeks. She told him everything, the misery of it all, the feeling of being left high and dry, this ache for Burton, what the women at the casualty post had said of her. She cried unashamedly for the first time; knew she looked utterly wretched, and knew, too, that it did not matter. At the end, when she stopped for sheer lack of breath, he spoke determinedly.

"Nicole, you're coming down to Fleeting with me!"

She stopped crying to stare at him. "With you?"

"Yes! Anybody can see that you're jolly near a breakdown. There isn't a doctor who wouldn't order you sick leave! I wonder, in fact, that your commandant hasn't pushed you off long ago. It's quite a little village, close to the sea, but it turns its back on it firmly, like an old maid who has seen something that she didn't oughter! And you'll like the house. Color-washed, a soft pink—it ought to have been done again last summer, but there wasn't the money for it."

"In summer there's white jasmine climbing up it, and it looks down a long valley. And there's an old gardener who's never been farther than Exeter, who talks with a burr and keeps bees. He'll tell you of Italian queens. Did you know that the best queen bees come from Italy? There are walnut trees, and we pickle them, the walnuts, I mean. And everything is very slow, nobody hurries, time just goes ticking by. The first violets are out already there, and the primroses won't be long. My aunt would like you. She is a quiet sort of person."

Then Nicole saw it all, as he described it to her. Somehow, in his fashion, he had been eloquent. She was London born and bred. She had lived at a London tempo, very swiftly, very up to the minute. Suddenly she thought of the country, as a tired child might think of its cradle, ready and warm for her, a place where one forgot everything, where one might be sure that one's dreams would be pleasant.

TWO months ago she would have laughed derisively at the idea that she could be one of Sandy's damzels in distress. Now it seemed perfectly natural.

"I'll come, Sandy!" she said. "And I can never be grateful enough to you!"

In the consulting room of a famous sanatorium, Burton Harwood stood, stripped to the waist. His skin was a golden brown, and every muscle rippled with a rhythmic precision. The superintendent put down his stethoscope.

"Heart normal," he said, "reflexes good, lungs in excellent condition. You're certainly a different man since I last examined you, Commander! What about those dreams?"

"I hardly ever have them now," said Burton, "and sometimes I sleep all night without waking. Thank heaven, Edgar Cowan bullied me into seeing you!"

"I'm glad he did," said the superintendent. "And now I suppose you want to leave us?"

"If you can give me a clean bill of health, yes!"

"Does that mean you're thinking of taking up work again?"

"Yes."

"A job in view?"

"I've a notion where I can get one."

"Well, as long as you avoid any mental strain, you should do fine!" said the superintendent.

A smile flickered across Burton's face as he watched the certificate being written out, but he said nothing. A moment later he had gripped the superintendent's hand, and was outside the room. Now to see about his packing, to settle his bill. Then he could say good-bye to the staff, begin again. He'd planned it all out in these long weeks when he had once more managed to see things straightly. London first, the Admiralty, Morgan. And after that, whatever Morgan ordered for him.

To be continued

MIRACLE NEW BEAUTY CREAM



DOROTHY LEYLAND explains

Never, never, has there been a cream that could bring your skin such girlish freshness, such rose-bud softness. For Skin Deep is totally different from all beauty creams up to the present! Scientists have only just discovered the vital importance of a non-alkaline cream . . . and the result is SKIN DEEP, this entirely new type of cream.

Non-Alkaline—Totally Different

The moment you apply Skin Deep you'll notice that it feels cooler and smoother, far more refreshing. And in a very short time, you'll see it work miracles in counteracting the Australian climate's coarsening, drying effect on your skin.

87% More Absorbent

Skin Deep doesn't stay on the surface, like most creams, but sinks right in to refresh the underlying tissues. You can give your skin the regular nightly care it needs so urgently, without having to put up with a greasy face at bedtime.

Skin Deep
Atkinsons . . . London . . . Sydney

CORNS lift out

Cheer up! Forget that beastly, burning, throbbing corn. Just a drop of Frosol-Ice—pain goes in 3 seconds. This better-type anaesthetic action works that fast! And then your corn will start to wither up—work loose—and you can pick it right out with your fingers—care and all. Lift out your corns with magic Frosol-Ice—and wear new shoes—go dancing—anything you like on corn-free, happy feet. Chemists and stores everywhere sell Frosol-Ice.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

Women also Serve..



MISS L. E. ARMSTRONG (left) inspects finished articles, while Mrs. A. McGregor moulds a foot-bath and Mrs. C. Beale prepares binding for the rim of the bath.

From waste paper, workers make hospital equipment

NO longer will Australian troopships have to carry trays from birdcages to be used as foot-baths for injured troops.

Under the direction of Miss L. E. Armstrong, more than fifty women are working every day in Sydney to provide the Red Cross with paper mache bowls suitable for the purpose.

All the available trays from birdcages in Sydney were bought recently for a troopship, and the officer responsible approached Miss Armstrong, and asked if she could supply paper mache trays for future ships.

The work of supplying paper mache trays, bowls of various types, and waste-paper baskets for the Red Cross has been progressing since last August.

"Such work was done in England during the last war, and has been continuing ever since," said Miss Armstrong.

"I worked in England, and at the beginning of this war I wrote to headquarters there to ask for the latest information, which they kindly sent out, when we began this depot here in Sydney."

Arnolds, in Oxford Street, gave Miss Armstrong the whole of their restaurant and balcony rent free, as well as the use of the kitchen as a canteen.

"I called for volunteers, and our numbers have been growing every day," said Miss Armstrong. "We now have 400."

"It might be as well to point out that, although it is possible to learn the basis of paper mache-making in a few minutes, it takes weeks to

Social events for good causes

FEBRUARY 25.—Card party, Point Piper auxiliary of A.A.M.C., Sydney Bridge Club.

Feb. 25.—Tennis tournament, aid King George's Fund for Sailors, White City.

Feb. 28.—Greek Day.

Feb. 28.—Grand patriotic concert, Town Hall.

March 1.—Dance, 2/15 Field Regiment, Mark Foy's ballroom.

March 4.—8 p.m., meeting, Assembly Hall, to form Sydney branch of Melbourne P.L.C. Miss McLachlan, FA3382.

March 5.—2 p.m., card party, 7th Division Cavalry Women's Auxiliary, Legacy Club, George Street.

March 8 and 9.—Children's party, Admiralty House.

become really proficient," said Miss Armstrong.

"We have wardens at the depot. They continually supervise the work, and give assistance when it is needed."

"Here, for instance, are what we call our museum pieces," said Miss Armstrong, as she showed a box full of poorly-made articles.

"These were made by people who imagined that they could learn all about the work in less than a day."

No article is ever allowed to be sent out without being fully tested.

Paper mache if properly made will stand being immersed in boiling water, and can also be held over a gas flame without damage.

The cost is small when the work is voluntary, and branches of the Red Cross Paper Mache Association are being run in Brisbane, Adelaide, and New Zealand.

Busy scene

SUBURBAN branches are not permitted.

The scene every day in Sydney from 10 to 5 is a busy one. At numerous tables in the restaurant the workers are busy tearing up paper, moulding it into shapes, and mashing it with paste.

Each worker has one mould to work on, a bottle of paste, and a brush.

It usually takes a day to make a large foot-bath, but good workers can make two or more small basins in a day.

Every scrap of paper has to be torn, and scissors are strictly taboo except for cutting the binding which

9 women
out of 10
need

☆ this book! ☆

Are YOU the tenth woman?

Do you know that nine women out of ten have some defect of appearance or manner which destroys their charm?

But the tenth woman stands out. She may not have been born beautiful, but she had the wit to make a frank and fearless study of her appearance and the wisdom to know that success in love and life could be hers through an intelligent partnership of training and nature.

Personality may not always have been hers, but she had the wisdom to see that she could build individuality and charm out of the gifts the gods had given her.

For years I have been teaching women and girls to become the tenth woman. They have had faces and figures and personalities each presenting a separate problem. I have never tried to build them up to any standardised type, instead, I have shown them how to draw from within themselves the charm that is their birthright, and to create their appearance to match their new magnetism.

I have taken young girls at twenty longing to launch themselves onwards to a happy marriage. I have taken housewives in their forties with the fear of premature age heavy upon them. Women of all ages and all walks of life have found a new lease of life and happiness through my guidance and understanding.

And now I have written a book which will show you how to do it. That nine women out of ten who read **YOU MAY HAVE A COY** in the coupon and post it next three weeks.

"Making the Most of Yourself" is a new book entirely new life.

To "ANNABELLA," Box 42817, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please send me your free book, "Making the Most of Yourself."

Name

Address

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For The Blood, Veins, Arteries And Heart

Elasto
The Wonder Tablet
Take It!
and Stop Limping

DON'T let Leg Troubles cripple you. Take 'Elasto', the Great New Biomedical Remedy that acts through the blood, and have done with enforced rest, worry, suffering and expense.

Leg aches and pains soon vanish when 'Elasto' is taken. Painful swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, the arteries, arteries, piles disappear, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical. It is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by 'Elasto', the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

What is 'Elasto'?
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Mendaco not only brings almost immediate comfort and free breathing but builds up the system to ward off future attacks. For instance, J. Richardson, Hamilton, Ont., Canada, had lost 40 lbs., suffered coughing,

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The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work stimulating through your blood and helping nature rid you of the effects of Asthma. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel entirely well, like a new person, and fully satisfied after taking Mendaco just return the empty package and the full purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your Chemist today and see how well you sleep tonight and how much better you will feel tomorrow. The guarantee protects you.

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It is non-greasy, will not soil clothing
Quick to use, it vanishes instantly
May be used before or after shaving
MORE FOR YOUR MONEY—Larger jar holds generous quantity.

ODO-RO-NO
CREAM

1/1 and 3/1.



Loved I Not Honor More

Continued from page 6

AND there wouldn't be any glamor about it—unlike that first proposal which had taken place behind an enormous Union Jack on a bedizened flagship, with Clover in her first low evening frock, Andrew in the glory of gold braid, and the Marine Band throbbing out a suitably romantic waltz tune in the distance.

"This time it was going to be sheer, stark reality.

Andrew would be in mufti, on sick leave. There would be nothing to sway the senses, nothing picturesque at all. Nothing picturesque. A sailing boat flitted through the pearly radiance like some graceful white moth hurrying to greet the swiftly falling dusk, and the lights of the harbor traced a gleaming network over rippling waters.

The tender was coming nearer and nearer. On the deck stood a tall, bronzed figure, hatless, eyes eagerly turned towards the quay. Even at a distance Clover could distinguish the square chin, the broad shoulders.

"Hullo, Clover, my dear."

"Hullo, Andrew. Well, how are you?"

He took her hand, bent his head slightly. Clover stepped back hurriedly. Did he think that he could kiss her like that, in the middle of the crowd, on the strength of their second cousinship, twice removed, or on the strength of that engagement which had obviously meant so little to him during all these long years.

She led the way to the high antiquated limousine which the garage had supplied, and noticed that Andrew had to hop to get into it. His knee was still stiff then.

"How's the old darling?"

"Sitting up in her best bed-jacket praying for the sight of you."

"In her bed-jacket? She isn't ill, is she, Clover?"

"Not ill. Only, Andrew, do you realise that Aunt Hester is well over eighty? She gets up to lunch on good days. But she's always in bed in the mornings and evenings. Only to be expected, the doctor says."

"What on earth made the old dear come out to Gibraltar?" he inquired.

"I tried my hardest to dissuade her. There's some secret sentiment about the place—something to do with the dim and distant seventies when Uncle Alfred went down on bended knees to propose to her."

Clover gave a little laugh that was intended to be hard and cynical. She became aware that Andrew was staring at her intently in the dusky light.

"Andrew."

"Yes, Clover?" His voice was deep as the low murmur of a summer sea. "Would you—would you mind not looking at me quite so—so devoutly, Andrew? It's a little embarrassing."

"I'm sorry. But I need to look."

"Why? Don't you recognise me?"

"I do and I don't. You are so different from the little girl I used to know. So grown up. So smart and exquisite. So utterly lovely, my dear."

Somehow, Clover didn't manage to tell Andrew that evening. When they had reached the low Victorian house, Andrew had hurried inside and limped up the stairs as fast as his knee would permit him.

Clover, following dutifully, had arrived in the doorway just in time to see him fling his arms round the brave little figure sitting bolt upright in bed, her old eyes bright with excitement.

"Gran, darling Gran. Home at last!"

"My dearest boy!"

Clover had turned away, with a curious aching feeling at the back of her throat. Lucky Aunt Hester, to be able to welcome him like that. Clover had felt almost jealous.

She had gone downstairs, shaken a feverish cocktail. Better leave it till morning. It wasn't cricket, somehow, to break their engagement on the very first evening of his homecoming. He wasn't fit yet, and she didn't want to interfere with his night's rest.

It was Andrew himself who gave her the cue, directly after breakfast.

"Clover," he began. "I expect you know that Gran has set her heart on our getting our little business over as soon as possible, here in Gibraltar. She's been talking to me. She wants me to see the padre this morning."

Clover looked at him coldly.

"It may be a small business to you. Andrew, but it isn't so to me."

He walked across the room, and stood in front of her, looking searchingly down at her face.

"Something's happened to you Clover, all this long time that I've been away."

"A LOT has happened to me, Andrew," she said seriously. "Our engagement is only a hollow mockery, a mere travesty of what it ought to be. I want to break it off. I'm not going to marry a man who doesn't love me, for the sake of family convenience. I'm not going to marry any man, unless I love him. And, therefore, I can't marry you. Under the circumstances, I think I had better give you back—this!"

Andrew took her by the elbow. "Clover," he said, "this is where you come out into the garden, and sit down comfortably, while you tell me every single thing that has happened to you while I've been away."

But Clover couldn't sit down comfortably, anywhere, while she struggled to find words fitting to that burning sense of indignation which seethed inside her. They walked up and down, up and down the length of that carefully tended little garden.

From the upper windows, Aunt Hester and Miss Dawkins peeped behind white muslin curtains. Dear Clover! And dearest Andrew!

Of course they had a great many lovely things to say to each other on this first morning of happy reunion.

Down in the garden, Clover turned to Andrew fiercely.

"If you cared for me, you would have come home at the end of the first year, as you promised. You had the chance—you admit it."

"Clover, it was difficult. And you were so young, only just out of school. I didn't think it would matter."

"Matter! Andrew, at the time you asked me to marry you, I thought you were heaven and earth, and all that therein is. I told everybody that I was going to be married to the most wonderful man in the world—next year. And next year came. And then the next year. I wasn't so eager to talk about it then."

"Poor old thing. I'm sorry." He stretched out tentative fingers, touched her hand lightly. Clover snatched it away.

"I was sick of life, Andrew, sick of doing nothing, except amuse myself. Not much fun going to parties and dances when you can't be interested, mustn't be interested, in any of the men who might, just possibly, be interested in you. An engaged girl with a permanently missing fiancé is like a butterfly with folded wings."

She drew a deep breath, and started back up the garden path.

"So I took up nursing, Andrew. I'd always wanted to be a nurse. Aunt Hester was furious, but I couldn't help that. I spent my twenty-first birthday on night duty. Just before midnight I snatched a moment to tear down to the hall-porter, because I knew a mail had come in from the East. I still hoped—"

"Clover, I didn't forget. It's awkward to get anything home just exactly to a given date. I wanted to get you a ring to replace that old signet I'd given you in such a hurry, only I didn't know what you'd like, and I was right away from civilisation. But I did write. Didn't you get my letter?"

"About six weeks afterwards. And then it was just, well, any letter from abroad." Clover shrugged eloquent shoulders. "You see, Andrew, something had happened. You'd lost the power to hurt me. One day it dawned on me that I hadn't given you a thought for a week. And I was awfully keen on my job, and making lots of new friends."

She looked at him, and some of the fierceness passed out of her face. "You ought to sit down now, Andrew. I'm sorry I've made you—"

"—so much. I forgot about your knee."

"I wondered when the marathon would finish," he said, as they subsided into deck chairs out of the sun. "Listen, Clover. It's my turn now. I'll begin by saying that I'm sorry, truly sorry, for seeming to neglect you. I didn't quite understand how it was with you. I thought you were quite happy, playing about at home. You wrote such awfully cheery letters. Believe it or believe it not, they were just as welcome as the first primrose in spring."

"I believe it not."

"I want you to believe, then, that I've always thought about you as the sweetest thing that made home worth coming back to."

"That's why you hurried so fast, I suppose."

"Clover, in the near future I'm going to weary you to tears by explaining to you just exactly why it seemed so glorious and all-important to go on those polar expeditions, and why I thought it worth while to sacrifice home leave for them."

"I shall leave it to you, Andrew, to break it to Aunt Hester that our engagement is terminated. Best thing you can do is to be summoned to England for a medical board."

"I stay here," he said stubbornly. "The Governor has sent me an invitation for the ball on the nineteenth. I shall attend, Clover, accompanied by my fiancée. I shall attend anywhere and everywhere else that my fiancée chooses to go. Henceforth you're going to be haunted. I shall be your shadow."

It was the night of the Governor's Ball, and Clover was standing before her mirror, viewing herself minutely, before she went in for the final inspection by Aunt Hester.

Two pale pink rosebuds blushed among her hair, and the family diamonds glittered round her neck and on her wrist.

Aunt Hester had sent the diamonds, and Andrew the roses—both by the hands of Miss Dawkins, so that Clover hadn't been able to refuse to wear either. Only her fingers were bare and ringless, though the long formal white gloves hung ready on the back of a chair. The little signet ring had gone back to Andrew. When she got upstairs, trembling a little, after that long strange talk on the first morning of his arrival, Clover had given it a little agitated tug, and it had come off her finger.

She had taken the ring in her hand, and tip-toed carefully into Andrew's room, and laid it in a prominent position on the dressing-table. She had looked for a moment at his few possessions. A battered volume of Shakespeare. A photograph of herself, taken when she was eighteen.

Clover had heard a noise on the stairs, and had fled from the room with bumping heart. So he still read Shakespeare, did he? And he still cherished a five-year-old photograph of her?

Andrew had refused to accept his



MISS GOODIE REEVE, noted radio personality, is now conducting The Australian Women's Weekly session from 2GB every day from Monday to Saturday, at 4.30 p.m. Details of the programmes will be announced from day to day this week.

dismissal. He didn't make love to her, but he was always charming and considerate.

It was all exasperating, and most unsatisfactory. And it couldn't go on, Clover thought, as she crossed the dark landing and tapped on Aunt Hester's door.

She went inside. Andrew and Aunt Hester were playing their nightly game of cribbage. Rather sweet of Andrew, Clover thought, to get dressed early, so that the old lady shouldn't miss her adored little gamble.

"Fifteen two, fifteen four, and one for his nob." Triumphantly Aunt Hester moved the little red peg to the top of the board. "That will be fourpence, Andrew, my dear boy, and thank you. And here is dear Clover, all ready for the ball. Turn around, my dear, and let me have a good look at you."

Andrew rose to his feet, smiling at Clover mischievously, while she so obediently pivoted to the old lady's instructions.

"You look very sweet, dear," Aunt Hester nodded approval. "Doesn't she, Andrew?"

"Entirely adorable." He looked straight into Clover's eyes, and her heart gave one wild fantastic leap, and then, at her bidding, was still again. For his eyes spoke tender, mysterious words... words that his lips had never uttered.

Please turn to page 42

When DEMON INSECTS bite...



They inject poison into your skin. Swellings arise which itch and irritate...



Lightly smear on Rexona Ointment. It soothes the irritating... guards against infection... tones up the whole skin.

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Giving topical names to children

I AGREE with Mrs. C. E. Stirling (8/2/41) that it is unwise and unfair to a child to give him or her a name associated with topical events.

Such a name dates a person conclusively, and in years to come when the glamor of events with which such a name is associated is dimmed the name may be merely ugly.

Della Gurney, 82 Westbrook St., East Kew, Vic.

Give "milk name"

TO name children after some topical event is silly, and the children suffer thereby.

Many go through life detesting the names their parents bestowed upon them. Why not favor the old Chinese custom of giving children "milk names" which they are at liberty to change when older?

G. Newell, 4a Liverpool St., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

Embarrassing

NO, it is not sensible to give children "topical" names, especially if they are the names of foreign places.

As soon as the enthusiasm for the event has cooled, the name becomes embarrassing. At school



Topical names can be acutely embarrassing to children.

children are ridiculed if they have eccentric names. Often these are twisted into nicknames which cling all through life.

In after years such names "date" a woman. They indicate her age, and are a source of annoyance.

Mrs. Ray Randall, Room 6, Second Floor, National Mutual Building, Queen St., Brisbane.

Revives memories

WHAT'S in a name anyway, and if a mother likes to be patriotic in naming a child, and gets pleasure out of it, let her do it.

I think it is a splendid way of helping to perpetuate the memory of great deeds.

Mrs. N. Mills, 58 Onslow St., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

NEWS OF CASUALTIES

IT is suggested that news of war casualties should be broken to the relatives by the local postmaster, this being considered more sympathetic than telegraphic notification.

Well, perhaps, but how nerve-racking for the postmaster. And how many would wish to share their sorrow with a stranger, however kindly disposed?

Surely in this, our Empire's life and death struggle, we women can stand up to any shock a telegram might bring. If sorrow is to be our share of the Empire's struggle, we can best bear it quietly and alone.

Mrs. D. E. Thompson, 37 Denmark St., Kew, Vic.

CHILDREN'S LUNCHES

A MATTER of concern to all mothers of schoolchildren is that their kiddies should have a balanced midday meal, and eat lunches often fall short of requirements in this respect.

Many children are given money with which to buy lunch, but spend it largely on sweets and soft drinks, with consequent ill-effects on their health.

If the Governments were to introduce luncheon stalls in the larger schools, the cost of same to be financed by weekly contributions from parents, simple but nutritious foods could be served, and the health of schoolchildren would materially benefit.

N. Middleton, Strathmore, Werris Creek, N.S.W.

BLONDES v. BRUNETTES

RE the recent article, "Blondes Have All the Luck," in The Australian Women's Weekly, I have found it interesting to study both blonde and brunette girls since reading it.

Taken on an average, of course, I really think the former is definitely more feminine, in most cases has a superior complexion, and lacks the bushy eyebrows, and often coarser features of a brunette.

A blonde also has a definite appearance of self-confidence and sophistication, but her brunette sister can take a bouquet for greater refinement.

E. Ferguson, 25 Beach Ave., Elwood, Vic.

Home discussions of current events

HOW many parents encourage their children to think intelligently and take an interest in Australian affairs?

To the average parent, the future of this country is not a family responsibility, but that of the Government.

To-day Australia needs intelligent and independent men and women.

By merely discussing these matters with their children, parents would be encouraging them to become useful and intelligent citizens, ready to assist and understand the Government's responsibilities.

They would be willing to co-operate in planning our future, which undoubtedly depends upon the youth of to-day.

£1 for this letter to Sheila McCarthy, 105 Oberon St., Coogee, N.S.W.

Suitable name to give to stepmothers

PROVIDED that a stepmother really tries to mother the children of her husband's first wife, the children should address her as "mother" (Mrs. Foster, 8/2/41).

When the family consists of very young children and there is a second family it would be absurd for members of the first family to address their stepmother by her Christian name, or refer to her as "my father's wife."

A. M. Dow, 48 Queen St., Maryborough, Qld.

Only for real mother

WHAT more beautiful word is there in the English language than the word "mother"?

No stepmother or guardian, however true and good, can lay claim to be called mother.

It belongs entirely to the woman who bore her child, a sacred privilege handed down from generations past.

Mrs. D. Auer, 51 George St., Bundaberg, Qld.

Young children only

IF the children are fairly young I see no reason why a stepmother should not be addressed as "mother."

If the family is grown up, that is quite another matter, but an arrangement in those circumstances could be agreed upon.

To call another woman "mother" need not in any way lessen the regard or reverence one had for one's own mother.

Mrs. I. F. Vaudin, Norman Tee, Enoggera, Qld.

Many deserve it

I THINK Mrs. Foster is rather sweeping in her statement when she says that a stepmother has no right to the title of "mother."

I quite agree that grown members of a family should not be expected to call a new stepmother "mother," but surely there are numerous instances where a stepmother deserves the title.

A woman of my acquaintance married a widower with three little children, the eldest being five years old. She lavished upon them love and affection, and cared for them as tenderly and painstakingly as if they had been her own.

No doubt there are hundreds of other stepmothers who have done the same.

Surely these women are worthy to be called "mother."

Miss J. Frost, Wyoming, via M.L. George, N.S.W.

Through this page you can share your opinion. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original. For the best letter published each week we award £1, and 2/6 for others. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Enclose stamped envelope. If unused letter is to be returned.

"MOTHERING" BABIES

DR. JOSEPHINE BAKER certainly gives us something to think about in her book "Fighting For Life" (reviewed by The Australian Women's Weekly, 8/2/41) when she answers that all-important question, "Is 'mothering' good for children?" "Mothering" in moderation is necessary to the welfare of every child, and at such an impressionable age creates qualities which have a far-reaching effect later on.

On the other hand, a child "treated as impersonally as a goldfish in a bowl" develops a form of independence that is to be deplored even in these modern times. Children reared on such lines grow away from the home and therefore miss the essential character training that is only developed through contact with a happy family life.

This loss breeds a lasting contempt for all filial ties, and eventually tends to destroy the parental sense of responsibility itself.

Miss J. L. Hand, 27 Tozer St., West Kempsey, N.S.W.

CARELESS OF CLOTHES

AFTER marriage why does the husband, in most cases, get so careless of his appearance, while the wife improves?

He comes to the table minus collar and tie, while she looks neat and clean, even though she has had to prepare the meal.

Surely this carelessness should not be tolerated.

Miss I. Wilson, 140 Cochrane St., Elsternwick, Vic.

TOO EXPENSIVE

WITH the price of films at city cinemas so high on Saturday evenings, why is it always considered "not the thing" for a young man on a limited income to take his fiancée to a cheaper seat?

The price of two good seats, plus the inevitable chocolates and ices, and perhaps a taxi home, adds up to a considerable sum, often quite as much as he pays at home for his week's board.

And if the young couple have two nights or more at the pictures in a week, what hope is there for saving for a home of their own?

Mrs. F. E. Thomson, 18 High St., Waverley, N.S.W.

Should guests be given the comfortable beds?

I DO not agree with Mrs. V. Dixon that the unexpected guests should be the ones to have the uncomfortable beds.

Even though unexpected, guests should be received as courteously as possible and given the best we can offer, even at the expense of our own comfort.

Miss Muriel Meller, 8 Reid St., Lindfield, N.S.W.

Feels unhappy

UNEXPECTED guests would feel extremely unhappy if the family turned out of their own beds and slept on sofas.

If the guest is invited it stands to reason that preparations have been made for his or her comfort, and if one has not a spare bed one does not invite guests to stay.

An uninvited guest is usually grateful for a shakedown on the sofa.

Mrs. E. Wilson, Garfield St., Launceston, Tas.

True hospitality

IT is in the tradition of true hospitality to give the guests comfortable beds. Anyway, instead of a sofa one can have a day bed on a verandah, which looks as



"You don't mind sleeping on the couch, do you, dear?"

attractive as a couch and can be slept on when necessary.

But it is better to say flatly that one has no spare beds than to condemn guests, even if uninvited, to an uncomfortable night.

Mrs. Dean, P.O., Kalgoorlie, W.A.

Like to feel welcome

SURELY when unexpected guests arrive it is the hostess' privilege to sacrifice her bed for one or two nights, not to let her guests sleep on the nearest couch.

When visiting another home, one is usually made to feel welcome. One would hardly feel welcome if sleeping on the floor.

Miss D. Hodge, 13 Ashburner St., Manly, N.S.W.

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PERSONAL AND POSTAL COURSE. Remember the demand from leading stores is constantly increasing. Flowers are wanted for balls, day and evening frocks, birthday gifts—Charity gifts, etc. Why not make them in your spare time, and earn extra money too? Don't delay, join in with our workers now. Send to-day for amazing

FREE BOOKLET and EASTER OFFER



HERE'S a chance, Miss Freckleface, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable concern that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes your freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of Kintho—double strength—from any chemist and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the ugly freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case.

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kintho, as this strength is sold under a guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

KINTHO [DOUBLE STRENGTH]

Loved I Not Honor More

Continued from page 40

AUNT HESTER gazed at Andrew expectantly. He fumbled in his pocket. He would rather have made his little presentation to Clover quite alone. He was far from sure how she would take it, whether she would take it at all, in fact. But the old lady had been so pathetically eager.

He produced the little jeweller's case.

"This is for you, Clover, if—if you care to have it."

Clover opened the box, saw the deep flash of the big sapphire, and almost shut it again. A ring. A sapphire ring. He was daring to offer her an engagement ring, when she had told him so definitely, so finally, that she could never be his wife.

Speechless, her face a lovely frozen mask, she pulled it from its velvet background, and dangled it from the tip of her little finger.

"Clover, Andrew must put the ring on your finger himself."

"Nonsense, Aunt Hester," Clover smiled gaily. "Andrew and I are not silly about this sort of thing."

Swiftly she slipped the sapphire on her engagement finger. She would have to take it, for the time

being. She hadn't the heart to do otherwise—not with Aunt Hester and Dawkins in the room, both looking so absurdly sentimental.

"Surely you are going to thank Andrew properly, Clover," Aunt Hester's voice was reproving.

"It's beautiful," said Clover in a cold distant voice. "Thank you, Andrew." She looked at Aunt Hester again. Then she half turned to Andrew, lifting a cool aloof cheek.

"I'm glad you like it." Suddenly he put strong hands on Clover's bare shoulders, and pulled her towards him. Then he kissed her hungrily, and they left.

As Dawkins was settling her for the night, Aunt Hester said:

"I don't like it, Dawkins. There's something very wrong between those two. It's not Andrew—it's Clover. She always was difficult, even as a tiny child, if she imagined anyone had done her an injury. Evidently she imagines that he has done so now. I didn't like the look on her face when he kissed her."

"Don't you worry about them, Lady Clairville. It's plain to the eye that

Mr. Andrew adores Miss Clover, and she's much the same about him, only she's a little shy with him still."

"I hope you're right, Dawkins. I do so want to have everything settled and the wedding day fixed."

"It will be fixed all right," reassured Miss Dawkins. "Now, you settle down nicely and have a good night. I'll pop in at ten o'clock to see you're all right."

Alone with her thoughts, Lady Clairville gazed restlessly about the room, and fingered her bed-jacket distastefully. She had wanted to wear the mauve one.

Mean of Dawkins not to let her have what she wanted. She lay still for ten minutes and thought obstinately of getting the mauve jacket down for herself. It wasn't so very far up to the top of the wardrobe, and if she stood on a chair—But the doctor had expressly forbidden her to stretch her arms upwards.

What was it Dawkins had said? "If Miss Clover were to be unhappy or in trouble, it would be into Mr. Andrew's arms that she would fly."

And Clover, for all her naughtiness, would be very unhappy if anything happened to herself, as happen it must, sooner or later. Mightn't it just as well happen now and serve some useful purpose?

Obstinately, resolutely, Aunt Hester got out of bed and mounted, at the third effort, a high wooden chair.

They had driven to Government House in a cold stony silence, with Clover turning her head aside and looking resolutely out of the window whenever Andrew tried to speak to her. They had walked up the staircase and made their ceremonial bows with forced smiles on their lips. They had danced the first two dances together with stern icy faces that belied the wild heart beats that would not be denied.

And then Clover had promised dance after dance to eager partners, and Andrew had left her surrounded, and after a couple of duty turns had pleaded his knee as an excuse to escape to the card-room.

Clover had watched him go with a heart that was brimming over and still a little unruly. She had seen him chatting away with his last partner as though he hadn't a care in the world. If she could only be sure—sure that he loved her, that that kiss, which had seemed so real, had stirred him to the innermost core of his being, as it had done to her!

She danced on, feverishly, as though motion was the only antidote for a troubled spirit. Later in the evening she allowed Captain Vasavour to take her into the garden to see the famous dragon tree by moonlight. But Vasavour threatened to be tiresome. Clover made him take her back quickly.

Andrew was standing in the doorway, waiting for her, white-faced.

"Clover, you must come home at once. Something's happened to Gran—a heart attack, Dawkins said. The doctor's here, at the ball. He's just telephoning for someone to bring on his gear. We'll drive him."

They went home. Clover, in her ball dress, slipped into routine as naturally as if she had been going on duty in the emergency ward. She took control calmly and quietly, dismissing the agitated Dawkins from the room, helping the doctor with the injections.

Slowly, almost imperceptibly, the stubborn old heart began to return to normal.

"She's a marvel! She'll do now, Miss Clover." The doctor picked up his case and tip-toed from the room.

Clover, from the doorway, whispered instructions to Dawkins to go to her room and rest.

"You too, Andrew." She nodded at him casually over her shoulder and closed the door.

Andrew stood outside miserably, his eyes dark with longing. Shut out, calmly and dispassionately, from all that he held dearest in the world, Clover was so cool, so efficient and capable. Was there no way of discovering the secret of the mysterious shadow that lay between them?

Kiddies' quaint sayings

What is the funniest thing your child has said? That is the question listeners are asked in the new 2GB feature, "Mothercraft," broadcast every Wednesday and Friday at 12.30 p.m. A prize of two weeks' free milk supply is offered for the story used in each session.

Typical of the stories already submitted are the following:—

A LITTLE girl took a great interest in a fish-pond in the backyard, in which there were a number of black fish. One day she noticed one of them turning gold and called out, "Come quick, Mummy; there is a fish getting ripe."

A mother was shelling the peas when her little girl said, "I love peas, but not cooked. I could eat half a pound." To which her mother replied, "You must be a vegetarian."

"Oh, no," said the little girl, "I'm Church of England."

Big words frequently cause confusion to young people.

One little girl came home and announced that Miss Johnson was going to play the organ at the church concert.

When the mother doubted it, knowing that Miss Johnson couldn't play the organ, the little girl said: "Well, the notice outside the church said, 'Miss Johnson, organist.'"

The war is responsible for some quaint sayings. One little boy sat thinking for quite a while, then he said, "If we had a fire at our house, would we have to keep it burning?" "No," said his mother. "We would call the fire brigade to put it out."

"But," said the little boy, "my teacher taught us to sing, 'Keep the Home Fires Burning till the Boys Come Home!'"

This story tells of a plan that failed.

One morning a mother switched on the radio, thinking that the music would entice the children to get up for breakfast. A popular song they knew was being played, and it had the desired effect.

Next morning she thought she could work the ruse again by singing the same song herself. Ten minutes passed and a sleepy voice from upstairs called out, "Hey, I'm going to tell the wireless man to come and fix our wireless to-day. It's been playing the same song for the last half hour."

Christmas time is one of anticipation and at times of disappointment to young people. One little boy had ordered a "Horsie" for Christmas. On Christmas morning he rushed to view his toys, but instead of being wild with delight as was expected he burst into tears at the sight of his rocking-horse. "I don't want that one," he said. "I wanted a meat one."

Strange are the thoughts of children, and their habit of living in a world of imagination is vividly illustrated by the following story:

A nurse told a little girl of four to get her some clothes from the sun verandah. "I'm too tired," was the answer. "But what made you tired?" said the nurse. "When I was up in heaven," the child explained, "I had to do all the washing and ironing for the angels."

"But," said the nurse, "Angels do not wear clothes." "I know," said the little girl, "but they made me press their wings."

Quaint and sometimes humorous as these stories are, they are the sort of thing which most parents will have observed and been amused by among their own young hopefuls.

Most listeners will be able to recall such incidents, and they are invited to send them to "Mothercraft," c/o 2GB.

STILL as a moon-beam, Clover kept her vigil in the dim room. Aunt Hester was sleeping naturally now. Clover watched her anxiously.

She was peeping between the curtains, looking for the first faint streaks of dawn light, when there came a small sound behind her. Andrew stood there, holding out a tray.

"Andrew!" she whispered.

She took the tray from him. He was still in uniform. He hadn't gone to bed then, but had sat up waiting, wondering what he could do to help—now bringing tea for her.

Also on the tray was a letter with a foreign post-mark, delivered by the evening post. Clover opened the envelope and read it, aware all the time that Andrew was watching her longingly.

"And now the whole hospital is ringing with the news that Macpherson has got herself engaged to a wealthy planter. They say she chased him, furious, as she did young Clairville. Doctor Harry confided in me, sub rosa, that Clairville begged him to take Macpherson off Ward A, because she would hover over him, and he couldn't stand the girl."

It hadn't been true then, that Andrew had loved another girl. She needn't have worried. A little smile of happiness parted her lips.

Andrew leaned forward eagerly.

"Clover," he began impatiently, "won't you ever understand—?"

Clover put her finger to her lips. The Nursing Manual hadn't laid down precise instructions as to the procedure when a handsome young naval officer insisted on sharing your night duty, but talking, most certainly, was not permitted.

Suddenly Andrew seized the envelope, whipped a pencil from his pocket, and scribbled swiftly.

Clover bent over the pencilled words.

"I could not love thee, dear, so much—loved I not honor more."

Clover raised her head. His eyes were urgent, pleading. Had she thought he hadn't cared, hadn't known, had neglected her just for his own fun? Couldn't she realise that some women married men who went away, men who took risks for big rewards, rewards that didn't mean money—just little notches in the sands? And while they were away their dear adored women had to wait, long dreary years, a thing that couldn't be done without a great and glorious love, like the love he had for her.

Clover's eyes were wide and misty. She stretched out one hand.

Then a husky whisper came from the bed.

"Andrew! Clover!"

They both wheeled sharply. Aunt Hester's eyes were open. Andrew took her hand.

"We are here, dearest," he said.

"Both Clover and I."

Aunt Hester smiled.

"I would go home happy," she murmured. "If I knew that you two were married." Andrew's glance flickered to Clover's still face. She took a deep breath.

"But we are going to be married, Auntie," she said clearly. "Very, very soon now. And then we'll take you home—to England."

Aunt Hester sighed comfortably. She hadn't meant England—and all three of them knew it. But that didn't matter to Aunt Hester. Clover had promised. And Clover always kept her word.

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THE ANCIENT BABYLONIANS' CURE FOR TOOTHACHE WAS TO MIX BEER, SAKILBIR PLANT AND OIL TOGETHER. TOOTHACHE IS CAUSED BY GUARDS AGAINST DENTAL DECAY BY DESTROYING MOUTH BACTERIA. KOLYNOS CLEANS EVERY TOOTH SURGICALLY AND ANTISEPTICALLY...

TEETH PULLED SO AS NOT TO RESEMBLE ZEBRAS!

CHILDREN OF THE BA-ILA (SOUTH AFRICAN) TRIBE HAVE ALL THEIR TEETH PULLED AT AN EARLY AGE SO AS NOT TO RESEMBLE ZEBRAS! IF A BOY HAS TEETH LEFT HE BECOMES A VILLAGE BUTT. PEOPLE CALL AFTER HIM, "BEWARE ZEBRA-HE BITES!"

YOU must prevent Bacterial mouth to stop Dental Decay!

TINY PARTICLES OF FOOD LEFT BETWEEN YOUR TEETH START "BACTERIAL MOUTH". KOLYNOS REMOVES THESE PARTICLES, KILLS DENTAL DECAY GERMS AND SO PREVENTS "BACTERIAL MOUTH". KOLYNOS LEAVES SPARKLING SURGICALLY CLEAN. Remember WITH NEW TUBE OF KOLYNOS GO. ONE TUBE AS TWO LASTS AS LONG AS TWO TUBES OF ORDINARY TOOTH PASTE.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

HALF AN INCH OF A DRY BRUSH is plenty!

GREYHOUNDS
TEETH SLOPE BACK, SO THAT THEY CAN GRAB THEIR PREY AT FULL SPEED!

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society

Dual personality possessed by many Pisceans often brings confusion to associates and trouble to themselves. The "two selves" seldom work together in harmony.

ASTROLOGICALLY, the sign Pisces, which governs people born between February 19 and March 21, is represented by two fish, chained by the tails, yet each swimming away from the other, one upstream, the other down. This indicates the tendency of Pisceans to go two ways or to try to do two things at once.

As a result many born under this sign spend half their days getting ahead and the other half going back to where they were. In consequence, they end their lives in about the same position, financially and socially, as when they started.

There are many arguments against this condition. Life should never stand still; everything must progress. In short, the old-fashioned parental idea that children should make no attempt to marry or otherwise rise above their "born station" is a relic of the olden days.

For the most part Pisceans are too gullible, gentle, sympathetic, generous, lazy, dreamy, and easily imposed upon.

They should try to develop self-confidence, assurance, and even aggressiveness. The few who possess or have developed these traits seem able to accomplish much in their search for success.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Begin to plan ahead for the near future. Meanwhile get routine matters well in hand. March 1 and 3 just fair.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Slight improvements are possible for most Taurians now, but over-confidence not advised. Semi-important matters can be pushed ahead by decisive action on March 3, 4, and 5 (to noon).

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): Be on guard. Difficulties, delays, worries, annoyances, arguments and general ups and downs crop up to adversely affect you just now. Be especially careful on March 5, 6, and 7.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): Don't waste a moment of March 8. You can get new enterprises, changes or decisions in motion, or successfully finalise outstanding matters then. Plan ahead and do not fall through lack of routine work. March 1 and 3 poor.

LEO (July 21 to August 21): Just a week of days for most Leonians, with March 1 and 2 as a poor bet, and March 3 and 4 as a mild worst.

VIRGO (August 21 to September 21): Let your conscience be your guide. You can get yourselves into plenty of trouble this week. Be especially wise and cautious on March 3, 4, and 7. Avoid discord, changes, over-confidence, and upset them.

LIBRA (September 21 to October 21): Not a spectacular time for most Librans, yet concentration on urgent things is advised now, or very soon. Really important matters should not be attempted. March 5 (after noon), 6, and 7 fair.

SCORPIO (October 21 to November 21): Most Scorpions have been having a very tough time, but things should now begin to improve slightly and gradually. For new ventures, changes, seeking favors or favours, and other gains, try to utilize the radiations of March 12. Be cautious on March 3 and 4.

SAGITTARIUS (November 21 to December 21): Unwise Sagittarians can fall into many pitfalls at this time, so a sharp lookout should be kept in an effort to avoid arguments, changes, difficulties, and delays. Be especially cautious on March 5, 6, and 7.

CAPRICORN (December 21 to January 20): Quite fair for most Capricornians on March 3, 4, and 5 (to 11 a.m.). Semi-important matters can be pressed then.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 18): Consolidate past gains and give attention to constructive routine. March 3 (after noon), 6, and 7 just fair. March 3 and 4 poor.

PISCES (February 18 to March 21): Start out looking for the happiness and good fortune you are always saying you never get. This coming week favors you. March 3 and 4 fair, and March 5 excellent for starting new enterprises, making changes, seeking promotion, or other aids of happiness and prosperity. Opportunities may present themselves, but don't wait—search them out.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Mandrake the Magician




MANDRAKE: Master magician, is in Central Africa with
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, who waits at the Wambesi village for his master to return. Mandrake has rescued
LIBIE CARR: After her kidnapping by
BESA: The Wambesi sorcerer, who wishes to be head of the tribe and intends to kill Mandrake, Libie, and

TOD BROWNELL: Libie's fiance, who is at Fort Radi.

Mandrake sees Libie and Tod reunited, and talks to Lothar, who, as Prince of the Wambesi, has been asked to help the tribe against Besa. Lothar decides to lead his men, and Mandrake tells Tod to keep out of the fight. NOW READ ON.



Pursuit Job

Continued from page 13

CORONADO was the Navy, but for those at the air base on North Island a Navy divorced from ships and sea duty and the drab routine of peacetime service. There was a Navy of the air, with no ships other than the grotesquely lopsided aircraft carriers Lexington, Saratoga, and Ranger. Cotton's assignment was to the Saratoga and he asked deliberately for duty with a pursuit squadron, flying the swift, sensitive Gryphons—land-planes with retractable wheels which were lowered for the tricky landings on the huge decks of the carriers.

Wait for six months, Betty Rigdon had asked, but he forgot that request during the busy days which ran swiftly into weeks while he familiarised himself with the new planes; weeks of gunnery on ground and towed targets, and of combat practice with camera-guns which photographed the "enemy."

There were bets on the outcome of those fights, there were congratulations and rallying when the photographs were developed and compared, and—occasionally—a word of commendation from one squadron commander who never mentioned that the recent assignment from Pensacola flew like a robot, with a robot's precision and lack of imagination.

There were hours of practice landings on a tiny area marked on the surface of the North Island field, a space of the exact dimensions of the flight deck of the Saratoga. The mechanical flier scored heavily there. A robot didn't worry about what might happen if that space were pitching up and down in a seaway or surrounded by angry waves. He didn't think of undershooting or overshooting or of "asbestos papa"—the petty officer, an uncouth mon-

strocity in shapeless fireproof garments, who stood ready to rip his way into a flaming ship and drag out the pilot who might be alive after the crash.

Let the Jack Rigdons—and their sisters—indulge in temperament of that brand; he'd be the robot who luffed into the wind at precisely the proper altitude over practice-space or flight-deck, who dropped his flaps to a forty-five degree angle at exactly the right moment, and with speed checked to seventy miles an hour sat down smoothly on the very edge of the landing area. Temperament? Bosh! The whole tricky business resolved itself into a mechanical problem.

Gunnery was mechanical and so were formation flying and the various flight problems which, after the Saratoga put to sea, were assigned the fighting and bombing and observation squadrons.

There came a day when he gulped hot coffee in the wardroom when dawn was still only a palling of the stars in the eastern sky and bent over the map with the other pilots while the squadron-leader, Spike Goodwin, lieutenant-commander, explained the problem and the role assigned to his nine-plane group.

"Three bombers are coming from a simulated land base. Altitude and course unknown, naturally, but we're to intercept them before they sight and bomb the Saratoga. If we sight them they'll each release a target on which we'll dive and fire. We'll form at five thousand feet. Any questions?"

There were never many questions. With this problem as with others Frank felt that he was a part of a well-defined, perfectly functioning machine. Goodwin first, then each

squadron member in turn, roared off the Saratoga's deck and climbed to five thousand feet above the grey-blue waters. There Goodwin rocked his wings and headed into the east. His voice crackled from the ear-phones which were built into each pilot's helmet.

"I'm dropping down to thirty-five hundred on a hunch that those birds will try to sneak past and climb to bombing altitude after they sight the ship. Course six-o. Let's go!"

They went, driving steadily at two hundred and fifty miles an hour toward the invisible Californian coastline. Forty minutes... an hour. Nothing to do but maintain position, watch flight and performance instruments, and scan the grey horizon for the mock enemy which might escape Goodwin's sharp eyes. As mechanical as the operation of a crack railroad train—then the oil pressure gauge on his instrument panel leaped crazily. He jarred the throttle back and forth, then side-slipped out of the formation as the pressure mounted. He levelled off and called the squadron leader.

"Engine trouble. Oil pressure jumping up to better than ninety, then falling back and jumping again. Looks like the line's clogged."

"Tough. If she clears up in ten minutes pour on the coal and catch up with us. If not, get on back to the ship. Call us if you have any trouble and we'll come back and stand by."

"Aye-aye, sir."

Throttled back, maintaining little more than flying speed, Frank was a mile behind the squadron now. He power-dived the Gryphon for a thousand feet, then zoomed with motor wide open. The stoppage did not clear. He levelled and, crouching

in the tiny cockpit, reached behind the instrument panel and hammered the rear of the oil gauge with his gloved fist. The difficulty might lie in the instrument itself. The throttled plane mushed down. He steadied it with his left hand on the stick, then slapped the panel again.

The needle dropped suddenly to the zero point and almost simultaneously his nostrils caught the reek of hot oil that poured from a broken lead and spurted against overheated cylinders. Then the nose of the ship dropped sharply, pitching him against the instrument board, and his belt cut into his thighs as the Gryphon fell into a spin.

His head was spinning as dizzily as the whirling fighter, but his feet, automatically found the rudder pedals and he neutralised the controls and slapped the throttle wide open. Speed counted now, speed of air flow over the surfaces of the stubby wings, air speed and the pull of the wide open motor to convert the spin to a power dive from which he could pull out above the grey waters which were rising so swiftly to meet the falling ship. The motor's voice rose in a screaming crescendo and the Gryphon came out of the spin in an almost vertical dive.

Frank horsed back on the stick and felt the flippers bite the air. The nose rose. For the fraction of a second he saw blue sky instead of hungry grey waves through the windshield. Then, in that same second, he knew that he had gained control too late. The lower wing smacked a wave, bounced, smacked again, and the pilot's head crashed once more into the instrument panel.

Cotton did not know how long he was unconscious. Only a few moments, he thought, because if many minutes had passed the fighter would have sunk and taken him with it to the bottom. The landing shock had sprung the seams of the metal fuselage and water was licking around his ankles. The lower wing was submerged already and the sea was crawling up the struts. He jerked loose his belt and pulled free the collapsible rubber lifeboat which is packed just behind the pilot's seat in all landplanes operating from carriers. An inflation cylinder is built into those boats.

HE twisted the valve, heard the hiss of released gas, and the raft inflated with magical speed. His head was whirling crazily now. The horizon was dipping and twisting in a mad dance and the sky was a kaleidoscope of colors that flashed and merged and changed like the Northern Lights. He flopped drunkenly over the side of the fighter and tumbled into the lifeboat a moment before those lights closed down in a great wave that was blackness and oblivion.

It was like a dream, vividly real while it endured but of which only distorted fragments remained to plague the waking brain. There was one recollection of brilliant sunlight which told him that the Gryphon was gone and that he was a tiny dot on the vast surface of the North Pacific. Then darkness, and light again, and heat, and a mounding throat, and somewhere in it all the roar of motors that throbbled in time with the pain in his head. Then clear consciousness of a soft bed and white hospital walls and Spike Goodwin's face bending over his own. Spike needed a shave, he thought.

"How'd you feel, Cotton?"

"Pretty good. Thanks for coming back."

"Don't thank me. I thought you were back on the Saratoga until I got there myself and found you hadn't showed up. You've had every plane in southern California looking for you, young fellow, but it was a patrol plane out of North Island that found you and brought you to San Diego where you are now. Jack Rigdon's the man you can thank—he was pilot."

"Rigdon?" Frank pondered that information groggily. "Jack Rigdon's at Pensacola."

"Not now he isn't. He got his half stripe and was given command of a patrol squadron. He reported at North Island since we've been at sea. What happened to you, Cotton?"

"My oil line—"

"You told me that when you dropped out, but how did you come to crack up without calling either me or the Saratoga?"

THE line clogged and then parted while I was trying to clear it and right then the ship fell off in a spin and nearly took me straight through to the bottom. I pulled out just in time to ease the shock a little. I cracked my head—"he raised his hand to the bandages—"but I got the boat over-side and that's about the last I remember. What gets me is why that fighter stalled. I was watching flight instruments and she stalled at ten knots over what the performance charts designate as stalling speed for her type."

"Good heavens," Goodwin snorted, "Don't you know that no two ships ever show the same performance? Even if you'd been standing on your head you should have felt her squish and sit down under you just before she fell off."

"I didn't notice it. I was watching instruments and—"

"Instruments! Suppose a couple of machine-gun bullets went through your panel and put half a dozen instruments out of commission, would you sit back and fold your arms or would you fly the ship? Confound it, fifty thousand-dollar Gryphon, plus some more thousands in man-hours and gasoline spent looking for you, and all because you can't feel a plane lose speed and mush before spinning. If you're a sample of Jack Rigdon's work at Pensacola no wonder they transferred him."

"No!" Cotton's voice rose in sharp protest. "Jack knew—and I guess I knew myself and wouldn't admit it. He called me a—a robot. That was it—a robot flier."

"You better get human then." The squadron-commander was determined to have the last word. "Oh, well, it's over now and I picked a rotten time to give you the devil for it. I'm sorry. Turn over and get some rest. You need it."

"How long was I adrift?"

"Nearly forty hours. Get some sleep, boy."

He slept, then woke to wonder if the dreams had returned. There was a slim girl in a yellow sports dress sitting beside his cot.

"Betty?" he murmured, amazed.

"You're awake. Oh, Frank—" She bent over the bed and kissed him, swiftly, but not quite impersonally. No, he decided, not a all impersonally. It was a kiss, not a salute to returning consciousness.

"Goodwin told me Jack had got his promotion and come here. I guess that accounts for you, too."

"Yes, I'm a Navy woman, Frank—I follow my man."

"Where's Jack?"

"On duty—at the base."

"Wish he was here." He picked me up, and I've got to thank him for that, and you could both say, "I told you so."

"Don't be bitter, Frank. Please." "I'm not bitter—or if I am it's just because finding out the truth isn't always comfortable. I'm a robot flier, all right."

"I didn't come here to tell you so, Frank. You win."

"I win? What do you mean by that, Bets?"

"Whatever you want it to mean. The Saratoga broadcast the news that you were missing and Jack and I raced out to the base. He took off—it was an aviation machinist's mate on his ship that sighted you, Frank—and all through the rest of that day and all night and until almost dark the next day I sat in the flight office listening to the radio reports between the searching planes and the Saratoga and from the Saratoga to the base."

"I found that I'd experienced all the heartaches and misery and agony of a flying officer's wife without having had any of her own compensations. Then, late in the afternoon, the reports began to sound discouraging and I knew—"

"Knew what, Betty?"

"Knew that I hadn't forgotten Pensacola and the Country Club. I should have said then that I'd come out here with you. Well, I'm here now."

"I—" There was a long silence, filled with an ecstasy of which he had never dreamed. Finally he released her, saying, "There'll be a court on my crash, Betty. Maybe they'll send me back to sea duty as unfit for flying, but if they don't I'll have to—"

"I know. You'll have to show Jack and Goodwin and the others that you're not entirely a robot. And if they don't believe you, you can—"

"Can what?"

"You can refer them to your wife!"

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Confidentially- I LIKE THIS WAY OF TREATING COLDS

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March 1, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

45

Golden flower of the spring

● Modern daffodils show many improvements on the older types, the flowers being more richly colored, of beautiful form and excellent for cutting and garden decoration.

—SAYS OUR HOME GARDENER

POETS have sung the praises of the daffodil so often, and laymen waxed lyrical about its beauty, that little need be said of the charms of the daffodil, golden flower of the spring.

Yet in the warmer parts of the Commonwealth it is sometimes regarded as a poor doer, and frequently, if improperly treated, blooms indifferently or not at all.

Although the writer has never experienced any difficulty in obtaining fine blooms on strong, long stems, correspondence with readers has shown that many novice gardeners fail to obtain satisfaction with this lovely flower.

While it is certainly true that daffodils degenerate under our hot conditions, and need taking to a cool climate for a rest at times, or replacing with bulbs raised in cool areas, this can be largely avoided by proper treatment.

Much difficulty can be overcome by treating the bulbs right to begin with. If they are planted in shady spots, in wet soil that is badly drained, are not lifted each season and allowed to run wild, they will degenerate rapidly.

Non-flowering is mainly due to non-resting. Novices leave their bulbs in the ground from year to year, with the result that the bulbs develop offsets, are almost continually forming roots or new growths, and the stored-up strength required for blooms is used up.

It may be taken as good advice, therefore, that as soon as the foliage has died down the bulbs should be lifted and stored in sand in a cool dry place.

Try new bulbs

CERTAIN diseases affect the bulbs and mites and eelworms cause them a lot of trouble, but novices are not advised to tinker with these troubles, for the process of curing needs skill and experience.

If the bulbs have not given satisfaction for years and have not flowered for any of the reasons given, it would be advisable to throw them out and make a fresh start with new bulbs now.

The soil should be free and open, fertile and deep, for daffodils have long roots and go down a long way in search of moisture and nourishment.

Dig the ground deeply, and if the ground has to be manured (as it should be if poor) this must be placed well below the surface, as under no conditions must the bulb or its first young roots come into contact with manure.

If artificial manure is to be given, use bonedust (not blood and bone). Two ounces to the square yard forms a good and lasting food.

Wood ashes and leaf mould are also necessary, but these materials

should be mixed in with the soil when digging over. Sulphate of potash (which is now very scarce and expensive) can be used in place of wood ash.

To plant the bulbs open a hole from 2 to 4 inches deep (according to the size of the bulb), and sprinkle a little sand at the bottom. Place the bulb on this point uppermost, and sprinkle some more sand round the bulb and fill up with soil.

Daffodils have a lot of work to do before the first green sheaths appear above the surface, therefore early planting is a sound policy to adopt. Long before even a green tip peeps through the soil the bulbs are at work forming long roots.

Provide support

MARK the spot where you bury the bulbs, plant them in groups or clumps of half a dozen or more, and be careful when cultivating with the hoe or rake, as bulbs rarely flower if that growing point is broken off.

When the plants have developed good long stems, give them some support, or they will flop over and the stems will be swan-necked and unsightly.

The novice should also bear in mind that there are three recognised varieties, early, medium and late flowering.

If the flowers are required for the house, cut them just before they are fully open and let the rest of the growth take place in water inside.

Never allow the blooms to die on the plant, but cut them just as they are drooping. Dying on the plant draws a lot of strength from the bulb and is also a fruitful cause of non-flowering the following year.

Weak liquid cow manure applied when the buds form will greatly improve the quality of the flowers and length of stem.

In all cases choose an open, sunny border that is well protected from westerly and southerly winds. Raise the level of the bed well above the rest of the garden to afford good drainage, and never plant the bulbs under a tree where they will be affected by drip during spring showers.

Early varieties include Self Yellow, Bicolor, White and Sulphur, and they flower during August and September.

Medium varieties include Incomparabilis, Leedsii, Bulbocodium, Triandrus, and most double sorts. They flower in September and October.

Poeticus and Poetaz are the late varieties which flower in late September and October.



BEAUTY AMONG THE DAFFODILS These flowers are invaluable for interior decoration and well worth growing for cutting purposes. Some of the attractive varieties are Van Waveren's Giant Daffodil, Double Poetaz (cheerfulness), and Incomparabilis Narcissus.

'women are realists'

—says Andre Maurois, author of "The Art of Living."

Are YOU a realist when you look for value in a foundation garment?



**GLAMOROUS
LINE**

+

**GLORIOUS
COMFORT**

+

**LASTING
CONTROL**

=VALUE

Illustrated: Sotin Wrap-on; raised diaphragm control, 14/11

Well, doesn't it seem logical

that Australia's largest makers of foundation garments, with Offices in London and New York to keep them ahead of fashion, Branches throughout Australia in constant touch with the needs of Australian women, unequalled resources for design and manufacture and the only True-to-Type system of fitting—MUST offer you a better foundation garment at whatever price you pay? Every Berlei is guaranteed.

Berlei

DON'T GAMBLE WITH YOUR FIGURE—CHOOSE A BERLEI—THE FOUNDATION OF BEAUTY

16-27-41

EVAN WILLIAMS

Essential hair health!

SHAMPOO.



If you have any difficulty in obtaining supplies, write to R. G. Turnley & Son, 260 Flinders Street, Melbourne.



Wipe the steak, then rub mustard liberally into both sides before cooking! Do the same with a coat of beef, only use more mustard. You'll be surprised how delicious the meat tastes — finer flavour, more tender and digestible.



IT CREASES, IT SOFTENS... IT BEAUTIFIES!
1/1 and 2/2 (Economy Size)
FREE OFFER! To put sunshine in your hair send this ad, with your name, address and colour of your hair to Box 950-GG, G.P.O., Sydney, and 3d. post. Candidates Toronto will be sent from W.W. 1/3/41

Readers' recipes

WIN PRIZES!

● The week's best entries in our best recipe competition . . . Walnut fruit slices win first prize of £1. Other recipes, also published below, win consolation prizes of 2/6 each. This competition is open to everybody, so you, too, can enter your favorite recipe.

ALL you have to do to enter our exciting weekly best recipe competition is write out your recipe, attach name and address and send to this office.

Every week first prize of £1 is awarded for the best recipe received, and 2/6 consolation prize for every other recipe published.

WALNUT FRUIT SLICES

Paste: Rub 1 cup butter and 1 cup sugar into 2 cups self-raising flour. Bind with two beaten eggs. Line shallow tin with one half, reserving other half for top. Spread with melted butter and then with following mixture when cool:

Fruit Spread: Half a packet mixed fruit cooked with 4 medium-sized apples, sweetened to taste. Keep as dry as possible.

Now cover with other half of paste. Prick with fork. Cook about 30-40 minutes in moderate oven. When cold, ice, and later cut into squares. Makes about 20 to 24.

Icing: Spread with ordinary white icing, then cover thickly with finely rolled walnut pieces. Roll the walnut pieces (with a rolling pin) in greaseproof paper.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. Percy E. Boyes, Talsac, Leneva P.O., via Wodonga, Vic.

SULTANA BASKETS

Three ounces sultanas, 11oz. butter, 2oz. sugar, 2oz. cake crumbs, 1oz. ground almonds, few drops almond essence, 2 tablespoons stewed apples (not watery), 1 egg, 1lb. short or flaky pastry.

Roll out pastry, cut into rounds, and line about six deep tins. Roll trimmings into a long, very narrow strip, and cut into six pieces. Twist these, and place on baking sheet in shape of horseshoes. Cream butter and sugar, add eggs and beat well. Stir in cake crumbs, sultanas, apples, ground almonds, and essence.

Half-fill tartlets and bake for about 30 minutes in fairly hot oven. Take out handles in about 10 minutes, and lower heat if pastry is well risen.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to E. Beaumont, Woollea View, Rannes, Dawson Valley Line, Qld.

HONEY CRUMB RAISIN MERINGUE

One and a half cups bread crumbs, 1 cup honey, 1 cup desiccated coconut, grated yellow lemon rind, 3 eggs, 1 dessertspoon butter, 3 cups warm milk, 3 tablespoons sugar for meringue.

Raisin Sauce: Half a cup seeded raisins, 1 cup water, 1 cup honey, 1 teaspoon arrowroot, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 tablespoon lemon juice.

Mix warm milk, butter, honey, grated rind, crumbs, and coconut with egg-yolks and bake slowly in buttered dish until firm. Cover with stiffly-whisked sweetened egg-

Fish Dishes . . .

See page 47 for other fish recipes.

FILLETS BON FEMME

Four fillets white fish, 1 eschalot, 3 peppercorns, 6 mushrooms, 2 tablespoons finely-grated cheese, 1 cup white sauce, 1 tablespoon cream, 4 tablespoons white wine or fish stock, lemon, pepper and salt, paprika.

Roll and poach fillets gently in white wine or fish stock. Simmer fish head and bones, peppercorns, chopped eschalot in sufficient water or wine to cover for 5 minutes; strain and add to white sauce. Peel and chop mushrooms, saute in butter and add sauce. Place fillets in a flat, oven-proof dish, cover with sauce and sprinkle with cheese. Dust down centre of the dish with paprika. Lightly brown in hot oven or under grill. Creamed potato may be piped around edges of dish before browning.

COD AND MACARONI CASSEROLE

Two pounds cod, 2oz. macaroni, 1 large tomato, pepper and salt, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley or herbs, 3oz. white bread crumbs, 1 pint milk, 1 egg, 1oz. butter, lemon.

Break macaroni into pieces and cook in fast-boiling salted water, and drain. Place cod in large greased casserole. Sprinkle with lemon juice, pepper and salt, and parsley. Arrange macaroni, sliced tomato, and crumbs in layers around fish. Heat milk and add to beaten egg and pour into casserole. Sprinkle remaining crumbs on top and dot with butter. Cover with lid and cook in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for one hour, removing lid for last 15 minutes to brown top.

SOUSED FISH

One fish (about 2lb.), 1-1-3rd cups vinegar, 1 chilli, 1 teaspoon spice, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 sliced onion, 6 peppercorns, 2 cloves.

Clean and trim fish (fillet if liked), and place flat on baking dish with sliced onion on top. Sprinkle with other dry ingredients and pour over vinegar. Cover with greased paper and bake in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 30 minutes. Remove from oven and leave in liquid until quite cold. Lift carefully onto serving dish and serve with crisp cucumber salad.



MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES says: To beat egg-white quickly, add a pinch of salt and beat with a fork in a fairly large plate as shown here.

whites and bake slowly to set meringue.

Simmer raisins, honey, butter, and water for 1 hour, stir in blended arrowroot, simmer for 3 minutes, then add grated rind and lemon juice and serve with pudding.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Heather Miller, Craven Creek, Barrington, N.S.W.

GOLDEN APRICOT BALLS

Rub 1 tablespoon butter into a cup of self-raising flour. Beat 1 egg, add a little milk, and mix in one tablespoon apricot jam. Then mix with flour.

Divide into small balls and drop into boiling syrup.

Syrup: 1 cup water, 1 cup sugar, 11 dessertspoons butter, 1 dessertspoon apricot jam, 11 tablespoons golden syrup.

Boil the balls for 20 minutes and be careful not to burn. Serve with cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Victoria Ballinger, 377 Magill Rd., Tranmere, Adelaide.

RABBIT AND TONGUE BRAWN

One rabbit, 1 knuckle veal and piece neck, 4 sheep's tongues, 1 onion, few peppercorns and cloves, 1 teaspoon mace, very little salt, 2 hard-boiled eggs, small tin peas, 1 tablespoon gelatine.

Soak rabbit and tongues for 1 hour.

Joint rabbit and boil with tongues, veal, onions, peppercorns, cloves, and mace for 2 hours. Remove skin from tongues and any bones and gristle from other meats. Chop meats finely. Dissolve gelatine in 11 cups strained stock. Butter a mould and line with egg-slices and peas. Press in some of the meat, then add little stock, and repeat until mould is full. Chill.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Hynes, Flat 2, 6 Bickel Rd., Mosman, N.S.W.

CHOCOLATE CHIP PIE

Prepared tart shell, 2 teaspoons gelatine, 2 tablespoons cold water, 2 eggs, 5 tablespoons sugar, 2-3rd cup milk, few grains salt, vanilla, whipped cream, chipped chocolate.

Prepare pastry shell, cook, and allow to become cold. Sprinkle gelatine on water and allow to stand. Beat 2 egg-yolks, add 21 tablespoons sugar, milk and salt. Cook over hot water, stirring till thick. Add vanilla and gelatine. Stir until dissolved. Then chill until syrupy. Beat egg-whites and 21 tablespoons sugar till stiff, then add to gelatine mixture with 1 cup of chipped chocolate. Place filling in tart shell, top with whipped cream, garnish with chocolate chips. Chill.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Alan Meadows, Corban Rd., Holland Park, Brisbane.

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Broadcast to Women . . .
At the Women's Hour . . .

"Joan of Arc"

Here at last is the perfect radio serial with a direct appeal to women . . . the true and amazing story of an illiterate peasant girl who became a leader of armies, who crowned a king, who died a martyr's death at the age of twenty-four, and in this present century was canonised.



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In quarter, half and one pound tins

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COOKING the CATCH...

● Do play your part in your husband's fish story. He's had the joy of the catch, but you can bring it to a triumphant finish.

There's no dish more delicious than fish, fresh from the sea or stream, cooked with flavor and culinary artistry.

By
MARY FORBES

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly



BAKED STUFFED FISH

—one of the most delicious of fish dishes. A variety of stuffings can be used to provide different flavorings.

See recipe below for preparing and baking stuffed fish.

delicate fish flavor—a few peppercorns, a pinch of nutmeg, a sparing clove, a blade of mace, a wafer slice of white onion, paprika, lemon rind and the freshest of parsley and mint.

Don't swamp the fish in heavy batter. If a batter is used let it be light and frothy, and take care that the fish is cooked inside. Do not dip in the batter and cook until just before serving.

If frying or baking be careful not

to overcook. The flesh should be white, flaky, and moist.

If the fish is large and coarse, don't despise the catch. Long, gentle, moist cooking and careful seasoning will make it soft and tender.

If the catch is young and small, treat it to butter in the frying or grilling.

If the catch is too much for one meal, share with your friends, but don't forget the delights of a cold fish salad.

If your family is unable to provide fresh fish for the sport of it, visit your fishmongers as often as the purse allows. Fish at least once a week is a dietetic rule, for it is rich in minerals, including iodine.

BAKED STUFFED FISH

One bream or flathead, 1 dessert-spoon dripping, 1 heaped cup stuffing, lemon and parsley.

Wash and trim fish. Remove eyes but not head. Dry and rub inside and out with lemon and season lightly with pepper and salt. Stuff and skewer fish. Place in thickly greased baking dish and place remainder of stuffing on top. Cover with greased paper. Place in moderately-hot oven (375 deg. F.) and cook 15 minutes to each lb. or until flesh is white and flaky. Serve with sharp brown sauce. Garnish with lemon and parsley.

Suggested Stuffings: Curried rice with tomato and grated apple; rice and mushrooms; breadcrumbs, grated cheese and onion bound with milk and egg; breadcrumbs, grated pineapple and chopped mint.

SAVORY GRILLED FISH

Four small whole fish, 1½ tablespoons minced eschalot, 1 tablespoon browned butter, lemon, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 dessert-spoon French mustard, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, pepper and salt.

Rub inside and out of fish with lemon and season lightly with pepper and salt. Make three incisions in each fish and insert a little finely minced eschalot. Brush with a little melted butter and grill about seven minutes, or until flesh is white and flaky. When cooked, brush with a little French mustard and lift onto hot dish. Pour over browned butter, vinegar, and Worcestershire sauce and sprinkle with finely chopped parsley.

More fish recipes will be found on Best Recipe page.

CAREFUL seasoning with lemon and salt before and not after cooking is an important factor in preparing fish. Other seasonings must be used carefully so as not to drown the

LENT

Rosella meals

During this Lenten Season, plan your "meat-less menus" round these appetising Rosella suggestions.

Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce
Cooked Spaghetti with cheese
Curried Spaghetti • Curried Butter Beans • Cooked Macaroni

Soups:
Tomato • Asparagus • Celery
Mushroom • Oyster

Ready to heat and serve

Jack's the boy who never would eat his breakfast—till Snap, Crackle and Pop put his Mummy wise to Kellogg's Rice Bubbles.

snap! crackle! pop!

"Jiminy, I like this breakfast," chirruped Jackie, half way through his second helping of Kellogg's delicious, oven-popped rice. "Kellogg's Rice Bubbles go Snap! Crackle and Pop when I pour on the milk." And Jackie looks twice the boy since he's been having Kellogg's Rice Bubbles for breakfast every morning. Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are just bursting with energizing, easily digested nourishment that every growing child should have. And kiddies can't resist the cheery little Snap, Crackle and Pop that Rice Bubbles make when you pour on the milk. Order some Kellogg's Rice Bubbles from your grocer to-day—and end breakfast-time tantrums!

"Rice Bubbles" is a registered trade mark of Kellogg (Australia) Proprietary Limited for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice.

In Mexican design

- The most attractive of cushion covers traced ready for you to work in gay colors to harmonise with your lounge.

YOU can obtain this cushion cover traced with the Mexican design ready for working from our Needlework Department.

It is available in Cesarine in cream, blue, pink, yellow or green, in newlyn in blue, cream, green, pink, or yellow, or in crash in natural tone.

Size of cover is 18 by 20 inches and prices are:

Newlyn, 4/6; crash or Cesarine, 4/-; plus 2d. postage.

Cottons for working, 21d. a skein.

Most of the Mexican design should be done in stem-stitch with the crown of the hat and back line

of the trousers in buttonholing. Use heavy stranded cottons in tacking or running thread for pattern line at either side of the figure. Choose cottons in vivid colors.



WORK one of these gay cushion covers for your lounge. The attractive Mexican design is both unusual and smart, yet quite easy to work. Available in crash in natural tone or in Cesarine or newlyn in various colors. Size is 18 by 20 inches.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



No. 73

SOMETHING NEW for the small girl—a bolero and skirt. Both are traced ready for making up and working on linora in cream or colors.

Bolero and skirt

YOUR small daughter would love this dainty little ensemble—bolero and skirt.

The garments can be obtained from our Needlework Department traced on linora in cream, green, blue, pink, or yellow and are all ready for making up and working.

The bolero has a Peter Pan collar and short puff sleeves, while the skirt is in a four-gored style with two tiny pockets and a belted waist. The embroidery motif appears on the edge of the bolero and also on the pockets.

Sizes and prices are: 2 to 4 years, 3/6; 4 to 6 years, 3/11; 6 to 8 years, 4/9. All plus 3d. postage.

Paper pattern of this design is also available for 1/-. No transfer obtainable.



No. 74

IN WHITE kabe silk or white or colored linora, a suit for the baby boy. Traced ready for making up and working.

Baby boy's suit

THIS useful little suit for the baby boy may be obtained from our Needlework Department traced for making up and working in white kabe silk or in linora in cream, white, pink, blue, green, or lemon.

Sizes and prices are: One to two years, kabe silk, 3/11; linora, 3/3. Two to four years, kabe silk, 4/9; linora, 3/9. All plus 2d. postage.

The suit consists of a coat with Peter Pan collar, puff sleeves and smocking on the yoke, and bloomers which should be finished with elastic at waist and legs.



FOR the early morning tea-tray, a set in sheer linen consisting of tea-cosy, traycloth and serviette. All pieces are traced for working with country cottage and garden design.

"Good morning" set

- For the early morning tea-tray, dainty linens in white or colors traced for working in a quaint country cottage and garden design.

THE "Good Morning" set is obtainable from our Needlework Department traced for working on sheer linen in cream, green, blue, lemon, salmon-pink, or white.

The set includes a tea-cosy, traycloth and serviette, and the edge of each piece is spoke-stitched ready to be finished with crochet or lace edging.

Size of the traycloth is 11 by 17 inches. Tea-cosy is 11 by 8 inches. Serviette is 11 by 11 inches.

Prices are: Complete set of three pieces, 6/9. Bought separately: Traycloth, 3/-; tea-cosy, 3/-; serviette, 1/-.

Cottons for working may be obtained for 21d. a skein. To do the cottage and garden design use stem-stitch and satin-stitch throughout.

Send To This Address!

Adelaide: Box 388A, G.P.O., Brisbane: Box 409F, G.P.O., Melbourne: Box 185, G.P.O., Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O., Perth: Box 491G, G.P.O., Sydney: Box 488W, G.P.O., If calling, 176 Castlereagh Street, or Dalmon House, 115 Pitt Street, Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.



INVITING!
— all it wants now is the
HEINZ
MAYONNAISE

Heinz Mayonnaise adds that faultless, couldn't-be-better finish to your salads — without Heinz NO salad is complete. Heinz is the sort of mayonnaise you'd make yourself with richest, freshest cream, today's eggs, and other good things like that, blended and seasoned with the subtlest sense of flavour. Heinz are masters in the art of salad-dressing. Serve Heinz Mayonnaise today — it's good — in fact so good that your grocer will refund the purchase price in full if you don't find Heinz Mayonnaise completely delicious.



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The Lotion in the Round Bottle with Orange Label
OBTAINABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS & STORES

Economy Size
Double Quantity. 1/9

The Doctor Tells You What to do

PATIENT: Doctor, I'm worried about my two children starting school again as I hear there is infantile paralysis about. Is there any way in which I can protect them against this disease?

Doctor: Your children cannot be immunised directly against poliomyelitis as they can be against diphtheria. But do not let this worry you unduly.

Every mother should comfort herself with two facts about this infection:—

(1) Less than one per cent. of all children are susceptible to the disease to the stage where nerve supply to the muscles is affected. All other children are either not susceptible or will have the infection in such a mild form that it will be impossible to recognise it.

(2) Of those affected, the large majority, with skilled medical treatment, will completely recover.

POLIOMYELITIS ("INFANTILE PARALYSIS")

Medical science has made great strides in the control and treatment of the infection.

The term "infantile paralysis" is not a very good description of this disease. As I've said, only a very small percentage develop a paralysis; and the infection is not restricted to infants.

People of any age can suffer from it, although most adults have achieved an immunity as a result of having had the usual mild, unrecognised form.

Most mothers are very worried when they hear that there has been a case near where they live, but there is comfort in this, because the chances are that her child has been exposed to the infection but has proved immune.

You may have noticed that cases crop up over a widely-scattered area,

which illustrates the fact that only a very small percentage of children are susceptible.

Poliomyelitis is the result of an infection with a virus. This is a living cell so small that its structure cannot be seen even with the highest-powered microscope.

This virus usually enters the body through the nasal passages, but it is also believed that it can enter through the stomach or through a break or cut in the skin.

The disease is not easy to recognise in its early stages. A child may develop a cold with a running nose or a headache. He may feel drowsy, or lose his appetite.

Children in the early infectious stage usually become irritable, fretful, restless, and cross. The face often becomes flushed, muscles twitch, and the hands tremble when reaching for an object.

There is usually fever, and there may be some vomiting or diarrhoea.

The most definite symptoms are a stiff neck or back, and a tenderness over the spine.

This early stage is the most easily neglected and the most dangerous phase of the infection.

In the first place, the care and treatment received during this stage have a most important influence on the patient's chances of complete recovery. And secondly, it is at this time that a child is most infectious and likely to spread the infection.

Attempts to limit an epidemic therefore depend largely for their success upon the recognition and isolation of cases in this first stage.

When a doctor is confronted with this combination of symptoms, he will certainly ask to examine the child's spinal fluid. Laboratory tests will tell him if the child is suffering from poliomyelitis.

Skilled medical treatment must be



THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS adore competitive games. Here Emilie and Marie are in the midst of the "apple-on-a-string" contest, with Marie apparently committing a foul by using her hand.

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

For young wives and mothers

Toning up baby's muscles

WHEN a baby feels soft and flabby it is a sign of poor muscular tone, and something must be lacking in one or more of the "essentials" for good health.

Wrong feeding, lack of sufficient fresh air and sunshine can be contributing causes.

Many mothers, however, do not attach enough importance to baby's daily exercise from his very early days.

They also often fail to see that

the toddler and growing child get properly-directed daily exercise.

A leaflet dealing with this problem has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. A copy will be forwarded free if a request, together with a stamped addressed envelope, is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

LADY CECILIA SMILEY "DIGS FOR VICTORY"

—but despite being
out in all weathers, she
keeps her skin glorious
with Pond's two creams



QUESTION TO LADY CECILIA SMILEY:

Don't you find that long hours out in the open are very hard on your complexion, Lady Smiley?

ANSWER:

Yes, I do. But in spite of being out in all sorts of weather my complexion is every bit as smooth and soft as it used to be, and my entire thanks goes to Pond's two wonderful creams.

QUESTION TO LADY CECILIA SMILEY:

Now that you are living in the country and you can't get the expensive beauty treatments of the town, do you find it makes much difference?

ANSWER:

No, I don't! Even before the War I discovered that Pond's creams did more for my complexion than elaborate beauty treatments. So how lucky it is that now I have little time to spend on my looks I am able to carry on with the same simple beauty care I have always used.

Lady Cecilia Smiley loves open air life and has taken up farming as her war work. She has dark hazel eyes, brown hair and a lovely skin.

THE WORLD'S LOVELIEST WOMEN FOLLOW THE POND'S BEAUTY METHOD.

It can bring you new loveliness.

For thorough skin cleansing, use Pond's Cold Cream every night and morning and during the day, whenever you change your make-up. Pat it on generously, leave it on a few minutes, then wipe it off with cleansing tissues. Pond's Cold Cream removes every bit of dust and stale make-up... keeps your skin flawlessly lovely. Then use Pond's Vanishing Cream as

a powder base and skin softener. This fluffy, delicate cream holds powder smoothly for hours, and it protects your skin from the roughening effects of sun and wind. Now here's an extra beauty tip. To make your skin stay soft and smooth, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream last thing at night after your usual cleansing before bed. Use Pond's two creams regularly.



Sold at all stores and chemists in 1/3 tubes, 1/3 jars and generous 2/8 jars containing approximately 33 times as much. (Including Sales Tax.)

FREE! Mail this coupon today with four 1d. stamps on a sealed envelope to cover postage, packing, etc. five free tubes of Pond's two Creams—Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's New Improved "Glaze-Proof" Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted.

RACHEL ☐ ROSE ☐ MONTAN ☐
LIGHT ☐ BRUNETTE ☐
CREAM ☐ NATURAL ☐ LIGHT NATURAL ☐

POND'S DEPT. 1, X. 55, Box 1131, G.P.O., MELBOURNE.

NAME

ADDRESS



I took the easy way to brighten our Verandah

1 Warm weather is here, and this is how our verandah looked until just a few weeks ago! It looked shabby and gloomy — not the littlest bit like my idea of an attractive place to spend our summertime leisure hours. So I got busy on a letter to Anne Stewart, and . . .

2 . . . her reply told me how to bring all that lovely color right into our dingy verandah, and what's more, how to do it inexpensively . . . with Taubmans Dynamel. "Start by Dynamelling a chair," Anne Stewart recommended, "that will show you how easy Dynamelling is!"

3 Anne Stewart was right! Dynamelling is the easiest thing! I'd never done

a streak of painting before I started on that chair . . . and just look at it! There isn't a streak or a brushmark to be seen anywhere. Dynamel just smoothes itself right out as you brush. So . . .

4 . . . after my success with that first chair, of course, I just sailed in! The other chairs, the built-in window seat, the window frames . . . I treated them all to a gleaming Spring Green Dynamel finish. And for the little table, I chose Daffodil Yellow Dynamel.

5 Was I surprised when I found how far one small tin of Dynamel goes! It's a real economy . . . and because of that, I got a tin of Solpah Paving Paint and



gave that dingy floor a lovely color finish too!

6 I must admit I'm pretty proud of our verandah now! It's as bright and fresh as a garden . . . that smooth Dynamel and Solpah finish will stand up to any amount of hard wear, Anne Stewart says.

I did it with DYNAMEL and SOLPAH



Dynamel is better than enamel. It dries twice as fast. Twice as hard. Never a streak. Never a brushmark. And it gives a mirror-smooth finish first time.

Solphah for all walked-on surfaces! Solpah wears like IRON!

Solphah's glossy finish is easy to clean — scrub-proof! It's the same Solpah Paving Paint you see wearing like iron on garden paths and steps. Fifteen lovely colors — so that you can match the color scheme of any room.



FREE! TWO BOOKS ON HOME DECORATION

Anne Stewart,
75 Mary Street, St. Peters, Sydney.
Please send me free your enlarged book "The Colorful Home", together with "Harmony in the Kitchen". I enclose 4d. in stamps to cover postage and handling.

Name
Address



● EXTERIOR of the home, which is in early Colonial style and a replica of the historic home of George Washington at Mount Vernon, U.S.A. Brown painted shutters contrast with the cream walls, and rolling green lawns in front make an attractive approach.

Home in American early COLONIAL STYLE

FROM OUR
NEW YORK OFFICE

● AN INTIMATE corner of the living-room. As with the rest of the house, this room is also furnished in early Colonial style and combines modern comfort with the charming simplicity of the earlier period. Walls and woodwork are cream and make a perfect background for the soft color scheme. Contrast is provided in the plain carpet, the striped lounge upholstery and the floral-patterned window drapes.



● THE SUNNY and attractive breakfast-room in blue, yellow, and cream. Woodwork and built-in dresser are cream, curtains are blue and floor rug is blue and yellow on a cream ground.

TRADITION means much to Americans, who, wherever possible, preserve and duplicate in their homes the architecture and furnishings of the days when their country was very young.

So it happens that the home pictured on this page is a replica of the historic home at Mount Vernon, U.S.A., of the famous President, George Washington, who first welded America into a nation.

This modern version, built and furnished in the picturesque early Colonial style of a century and a half ago, is in California and is the home of Pat O'Brien, Columbia star, and his family.

The exterior is cream and is designed with the graceful simplicity so typical of the architecture of the Colonial period.



● COLONIAL dining-room. Here the furnishings are simple yet graceful. Plain carpeting contrasts with historic emblematic scenes in subdued colors painted on the walls. These paintings are not only further evidence of America's love of tradition, but they add richness to the Colonial atmosphere of the home.



● A FEATURE of the main bedroom is the enormous bed which is actually as wide as two single beds placed together. Color scheme in this room is mainly pale green and cream. Carpet is green and also the wall drapery at the back of the bed. The bed-head is upholstered in same glazed chintz to match the tailored bedspread which tops box-pleated flouncing.

No Job for Nancy but a big Job for Mum



Why risk underarm odour—when Mum every day so surely guards your charm?

SHE TRIES SO HARD—goes everywhere—but somehow for Nancy it's a brief "no opening now!" For business is business. And it never helps to have a girl around who neglects to use Mum!

Constant personal daintiness is a business asset . . . as much in demand as cheerfulness, ability, and speed. Why does any girl risk it? Why don't all girls play safe with Mum—every single day?

For it's a gamble to depend on

a bath alone to keep you fresh and sweet. A bath merely removes perspiration that is past . . . but Mum prevents odour—keeps you fresh and sweet for the hours to come.

QUICK! A daily pat under this arm, under that, and through the longest working day you know you're fresh.

HARMLESS! Use Mum after dressing . . . fabrics are safe. Mum is harmless to any dress. Safe for skin, too.

LASTING! Hours after your bath has faded, Mum still keeps underarms sweet. Get Mum to-day. Be wise in business . . . be sure of charm! Make a habit of Mum every day. Get Mum at all chemists and stores. Prices 9d., 1/6 and 2/6.

WHY MUM IS FIRST CHOICE WITH BUSINESS GIRLS



Another Use for Mum Use Mum for Sanitary Napkins, as thousands of women do. Then you're always safe, free from worry.



MUM TAKES ODOUR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

EXPENSES

WAGES

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INCREASED PRICES

INCREASED TAXES

INCREASED PRICES

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Rising prices... Rising taxes... the ever-increasing difficulty of "making ends meet" demand that every housewife spends each penny to the best possible advantage.

You save money when you buy Sanitarium Health Foods because you get not only tasty and genuine health foods, but also FREE, VALUABLE AND USEFUL HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES in exchange for free gift coupons appearing on 21 different varieties of Sanitarium Health Foods.

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